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LADY CLAUDINE;
OR,
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.
A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. HOSATIO W. NELSON.

CHAPTER VI.

The setting sun had descended nearly to the level horizon of the vast plain, as Brinsley Oakes rode rapidly onward in the direction of the Druid temple, directed thither by a faint blue smoke which he perceived curling up in artful wreaths into the grey evening air, from the midst of the ruin.

There was something sublime and impressive in the scene around him. The vast prairie-like level of the plain, meeting on all sides the bending skies lost to the boundless surface, over which he gal loped, the solitudity of the ocean; and a low, blue haze that transparently veiled the south, increased this delusive aspect. The sun, slowly descending, touched the horizon with his lower limb, and sent his level, red beams across the plain, lighting up with a crimson glow the pillars of stone that had thus withstood three thousand years of inroads, thus reduced back to their bosom.

"Mass Oaky," said Pompey, who was riding close to his master's saddle-bow, "I see da sun set jis' 'em dat away in de big ocean. I'll look at it we be ridin' on de sea! and dem tall rocks look like ships!"

"Yes," answered Brinsley Oakes, and spurring forward still faster over the furze and stones that made the plain uneven. But he was struck with the resemblance detected by Pompey, and as he gazed they seemed a fleet of vessels on a sea.

He was at that moment thinking, as the shave spoke, of the smoke ascending from the ruin, and how, before the days of Cæsar, before the days when Druid first preached the gospel of the Cross in pagan Britain, before Cæsar turned his conquering sword in the direction of "the twin isles of the western sea, Britannia and Hibernia," those mighty columns had stood, and above them rose the smoke of human sacrifices and vapor of incense, as now rose the smoke of the gipsy camp, which he had been told by a shepherd he should find there.

As he drew nearer them the sun slowly sunk beneath the horizon, and the rascals flesh which he beat to their Thracian dices was changed to a sombre grey, while, higher and higher above his head, they seemed to rise, blending in majesty with the Cyclopean dimensions.

Without slowing rein he rode straight into the outer circle of rocks, and, dismounting, cast his bridle to his black servant; and then, slouching his hat and muffling his face, for he was purposely disguised on this expedition, he drew near the centre of the vast ruin. At the farther side, under the protection of a massive pillar of rock, blackened with the smoke of gipsy encampments of a hundred years, he saw the party of wild, mysterious wanderers he had come in search of. There were a dozen men, women and children, around about a fire, for the evening was chilly, upon which was boiling a pot containing their evening meal, which already they had commenced partaking of.

Brinsley Oakes's practiced eye, through the picturesque groups, which forcibly reminded him of similar Persian encampments in the East; and then his keen glance scanned each person of the party, for their dark faces were clearly visible by the red glare of the flames, reflected upon them from the crackling fire.

"She is not among them! There are two beautiful brown faces, with eyes like those of an Ostrilegue girl, but I see no resemblance to Kate in any of the faces, even though her skin be dyed with henna, to look like the gypsies I am told she has taken up for life with. I will not look longer, it seem conceal by an irresistible power of my face that I am looking for. I feel here I shall not find or search if I would. An inner voice seems to cry out,—that the fates have led me to the wandering Jew, I feel that my repose depends upon finding her: and for what? For what end? Would I receive her to my arms? Is she not—is she not! And were she as once as the queen, I would not replace in my bosom a faded rose, which I had once flung aside! Why, then, am I possessed with this passion to discover her? Love? Oh, strange and curious and unlikely impulse me; for if I should behold her, I would not make myself known to her! I would not speak to her! Come seeing her and her boy—(my boy, dare I confess it)—I would be satisfied! But there prompts me a spirit, spirit, as if I once see her, I should put an end to this wandering life, and place her in a female asylum; for, thus wandering, she may perchance to cross my path when it would not be pleasant to have her recognize me! What a strange, wild, unusual scene is this where they dwell. The shadows of the old Druids seem to fit along beneath the columns, in this uncertain twilight and flickering flame. But I must not delay; for the small cloud I discerned in the south-west is enlarging and ascending, and before I can reach Salisbury it may bring a tempest down upon the plain."

As he moved forward from the obscurity under one of the rocks, and the firelight shone upon him, he was discovered by a shaggy gipsy dog, which set up a sharp, wolfish bark, and sprung out to-wards him. The whole party turned their dark faces and brilliant eyes to the place where he was, and three men rose to their feet, and one of them advanced with a scowl and menacing air, half drawing a knife from the folds of his gypsy blanket.

THE ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN OAKES AND POMPEY AT THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT.

"What do you want?" he demanded, sharply and roughly.

"I am a traveller! May I not see the ruins?" answered Brinsley, in a calm tone.

"Visitors come not at this hour here to see this place. If you need direction across the plain, you can have it—for money!"

"I may need it, if it come on dark soon," answered the captain. "Here is gold. You see by it I am a friend to you! When I was a lad I passed half my play hours among the gypsies and had camped on my father's estate! There was one of them by the name of Kedar, or Caleb, as he was called, who was almost a foster-brother!"

"Eh!" ejaculated the dark-faced man, looking surprised; "what is your name?" and he surveyed the captain with the sharpest scrutiny.

"It matters not! What is thine?"

"Kedar!"

"And Caleb, also?"

"And Caleb! And now I know thee! I see thine eyes! Then art Brinsley, the son of the Colonel Oakes," he added, with a smile of pleasure lighting up his bronzed features.

"I will not deny it! I am glad to meet thee, Kedar!" answered Captain Oakes, grasping the extended hand of his former playmate.

"Come and share with us our supper, friend," said Kedar, with that courtesy and correctness of language that characterizes the better class of gypsies.

"For old times' sake I will," he answered; and, being named by Kedar to the rest of the party; two of the females of which also gladly recognized him, he seated himself upon a fragment of stone, and, as he had before eaten from a wisp, as one of their meal; which was composed of meat-fowl, dried venison, and good wheaten bread, with potatoes and other vegetables fayrgibus are epicures, and having all England for their free larder, live often luxuriously; one day perhaps feeling, when their forays were unsuccessful, and the next dining like Thanksgiving.

This meeting and recognition, which, at first, Brinsley Oakes found would be fatal to his object, he now began to regard as most favorable. By eating heartily with them, by recalling their former days, by distributing a small piece of gold or silver to each one of the gang, thirteen in all, in half an hour he had their confidence. This second step was next proceeded, after first sending out foot to be servant Pompey, to questions.

"Only thirteen of you? Is this all your party, Kedar?"

"No——"

"Yes," interrupted one of the women, "all of the gypsies."

"Then you have some that are not gypsies?" he asked, concealing his interest in this question by an indifferent air, and helping himself to a third glass of rare old wine from a bottle which Kedar had, in some way, possessed himself of in his expeditions among gentlemen's houses, and now brought out in honor of the present re-union.

"Yes," answered Kedar. "In that good wine, Brinsley?" he added, addressing his guest, as is the custom of these people, by its first name.

"At good as the finest Tokay," answered Brinsley, with a smile. "If they knowed what that is Who are these not of your blood? Some of the Queen's favorite subjects you have been stealing—I mean adopting?"

"No, they came to us of themselves—a mother and son!"

"Ah!"

"The mother is a prisoner!" said the woman, a tall, dark-eyed, handsome creature, as queenly in her carriage as a Spanish donna, who had first spoken.

"What is a prisoner?"

The woman touched her hand with her fore-finger significantly, and then pointed reverently upward. "Talks with Her!"

Brinsley understood that she meant she was deranged. His heart beat quicker. How could it continue to cross such a proposition as such a time? The heart has an instinct of its own, and will it out.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Not with us tonight," answered Kedar. "She has gone where (here he impressively pointed upward, and uttered no name for God) fold her of take her boy. She said (here he looked up in silence)—told her that he must not be a gypsy. And we let her go with him."

"How long has she been with you, Kedar?"

"Many months. We found her, one night, in a hut near Salisbury, and she, poor, lost thing, joined us as we took pity on her! She tells fortunes true; but she would never let her boy learn any of our ways! She is proud like, and seems to think he is a sort of a prince, or crow of great blood!"

"I believe she is born of a high family too, herself," said the woman who looked so much like a Spanish senora, and who answered when addressed by another of the women by the name of Ketura; "for I am sure some years ago she in the lady who nurse me a golden guinea from a fine carriage she was riding in—as fine as the greatest in the land."

"Where is she now? I would like to have my fortune told," said Captain Oakes, with a smile, as if he had little faith in fortune.

"She may not be back in a week! She wanders about; and only when she is badly treated and hungry does she ever come back to us," said Ketura. "I am sure she has been badly treated by somebody, that brought her to her old life; for she says she was once happy, but had been deceived, and he who deceived her she had thought was her husband, and when he found out that deceived her, she heart, she says, broke, and she seems to live in a dream from all the time! We gypsies call that living in both worlds at once—walking on earth with the head in the skies—thinking the thoughts of—(here with a reverential glance for God)—and speaking in the words of men."

"Let Kedar tell my fortune first, Ketura; you will tell thine skillfully not only the past but the future. She once, not long since, told the Queen's fortune!"

"The Queen, one would think, Kedar had a good fortune enough of her own. But, is it true? Where did you ever see the Queen?"

"In a Windsor forest. The royal family were out riding one summer's day—a gay cavalcade, full forty in all with the gentlemen and ladies of the court and servants mounted; and as they passed the camp, for we were then camped there, one of the Queen's children, a pretty boy, took her to our encampment, and she, upon cloaks spread by the ladies upon the grass, told the Queen and others over her revived her; and then Ketura, who knows great secrets of medicine, boiled her simples and strong water distilled by her from cordials roots, known only to us. In a few moments her beautiful face came of, and she rose to her feet well as ever."

"Well!" said Oakes, "I should like to buy a flask of this famous lotion of her. And how came she to tell the Queen's fortune? Truly, it is queer to and see!"

"The Queen, who is as gracious and pleasant as any other fine lady, thanked her for succoring the spring of water, and Ketura for her good service, and put a golden sovereign in my wife's hand. She then said, 'Can you tell fortunes as well as best?'"

"Yes, your Majesty," said I. Here answered Ketura, taking the word from Kedar's mouth. "Yes, your Majesty."

"How did you know it was the Queen?" asked Oakes, as if he would see what reply she would make. "Had she crown on her head?"

"No; but I saw how every lord and lady stood when from her; how they paid deference to her slightest look and motion; how they bowed and did obeisance when she spoke; how all eyes were fixed to look only as she looked, all feet to move as her feet moved, all voices to speak as she spoke and gave the key."

"A very truthful description! You could not by those signs mistake her. But asked she to have her fortune told?" asked the captain of the gypsy woman.

"No. But seeing she spoke so kindly, I said, I tell fortunes, your Majesty, but only by human art. But here is a princess, who tells fortunes by divine knowledge.' I then pointed to the dark-eyed lady."

"What! the mother who had a son with her?" "Yes!"

"She was then in your camp?"

"Yes, Brinsley," answered Kedar, who seemed surprised, as well he might be at the nervous energy with which their guest asked these questions.

"And did she speak to the Queen?"

"No; she fled on hearing her name."

"Her name? What did you call her?"

"The same she gave us—Cecilia."

"Cecilia, crazed Cecilia," she called herself?" said Kedar, interposing his word.

"The good Queen seeing she was alarmed, and wondering at her wild beauty, asked me who she was. But I could tell her no more than what we have told you."

"Did the Queen question her?"

"Yes, Brinsley."

"Did she afterwards?"

"I know not. But didst not then ask my wife," interrupted Kedar at this point, with a frown, "if Ketura told the Queen's fortune? With thou listen or not?"

"I will listen. I must us slight to her art and the honor she derived from telling her Majesty's fortune, by interrupting. It is a way I have, Kedar, to be silent-minded, and to think of one thing while others are talking upon different things. Go on! What said the Queen, and what was her fortune?"

"I told her," answered Ketura, with dignity, "that she would have twelve children, (she has now three), seven sons and five daughters; that she would survive Prince Albert, and live to see her eldest son upon the throne, because she knew it would be too aged to reign longer; and he should reign by her consent while she was alive. I told her that she should live to see her empire divided into two kingdoms and one republic; that the Prince of Wales would reign over Great Britain, and her second son be elected king, with the title of emperor, over East Indian possessions; and the republic which would be wholly out of from the world be America! But in lieu of these, I told her that I saw in the palm of her hand that her own remaining sons would be King of France, by marriage with the daughter of the throne; another reign King of Spain; another Prince of Portugal, and her youngest daughter the public of Italy to be their constitutional King!"

"A magnificent fortune!" said Brinsley Oakes, with a light, contemptuous laugh. "Yet it is strange how you know so much of kingdoms and their probable destinies."

"Know! We learn not from books, but from the stars and from the spirits who talk with us in our dreams!"

"And what said the Queen?"

"She looked and and thoughtful," answered Kedar, "and turned away in silence, and remaining her horse, rode off, giving the word, 'To the castle!'"

By this time the shadows of deep twilight had blended with the gloom of night, and Captain Oakes said he would ride, as he wished to reach Salisbury that night.

"But," he added, "if any one of you can tell me what my future is to be about me, I will give him or her a round guinea, to be led where she is gone."

"I will show thee, Brinsley," said Kedar, "and for old time's sake I will not take thy gold, though gold to the idol, and the life and the future of an gypsies. Yet, see thou great, but my with tell thy fortune. It will offend her look; for I am she is prepared her spells and her incantations, expecting to do it."

"I am willing. But I trust it will not be so cold a fortune as that of her Majesty's."

"She never failed in answering a question yours," said Kedar, with solemnity. "She has told many a great man his fortune that came true. Only last Thursday the Mayor of Sherton took his own life."

"And what of that? Suicides are common among us English folk."

"But it is not common to have them foretold."

"What was foretold?"

"That the Mayor of Sherton would die by his own hand. This was when he was a young man, and in a frolic crowned Ketura's hand with a willing, whereupon she told him the future."

"And what was it?"

"That, poor journeyman cobbler as he was, he should one day be Mayor of Sherton, and that the morning should arrive when he should shave half his face and no man should ever shave the other half."

"And this came true?"

"To the letter! Last Thursday, as he stood by the glass shaving his beard, he suddenly turned to his wife and said, 'I have a great and unpreventable desire to know the mysteries of the other world. I will cut my throat!' Thus speaking, he cut deep into his neck with his razor, and fell back dead!——— But come, Brinsley, let Ketura tell thy fortune."

"I would rather not."

"Now but the guilty fear the future, or the revelations of the Past," said Kedars, severely. "Here, within this Temple, is a more powerful to unfold what is to come, and seldom fail! Show me thy hand!"

Brinsley Oakes extended, though with some bashful, his open hand to her across the smouldering fire.

"One, three, seven lines! These are marks of much blood! But here is an eight crossing the third line, she said, solemnly, after a close examination of the palm of the unwilling hand. This shows an original right direction, but a cross purpose cutting it! These are to be a lord. There is sadness, love and wedlock! No——there is a cross line here—it is not wedlock, but a lie! And a lie is ambition! Thou hast wronged one, and will wrong! For here it is written as if in the book of Fate!——Thou art a liar! Here is another wedlock! Ah! Ancrice has raised upon thy soul! Again I see wedlock, but it is covered with gold spoons, and three gold spoons seen on the under-side to be stained with blood! I am amazed and terrible; for never saw I such scenes in a hand before! Thou art a murderer on the palm without thyself; but here are no flowers, only all gold and all blood! Yet more is here! without not thine hand! I see ink flowing from a pen, and as it touches the paper it becomes blood! And lo! here is a corpse! It is beautiful and calm; and yet upon its face are marks of violence. She died not by God's visitation. I know not the face! And here is a drowned woman, with her hair floating! Ah! but what another! the head is separate from the body, and lays beside thee upon thy pillow!——And more of blending, and torn, and disheveled!"

"Woman! fiend! What fate dost conjure up! Thou art lying! I request against me!" cried Brinsley Oakes, withdrawing his hand on the palm of which she was reading with a look of anxiety in the future. "Kedar, this wife of thine is more artful than honest!"

"Never failed, what she foretold," answered the gypsy husband. Kedar, with looks of anger in his flashing gypsy eyes.

"My prophecy will be as likely as that of the Queen's," he answered, with a scornful laugh. "Where is my horse? I will ride now! I thank thee, Kedar, for all thy kindness, but I cannot stay advancing and will ride."

That night then not be guided where thou wouldst see the woman and her son whom thou didst ask for as if thou didst take an interest in them! Dost thou intend to tell them of their fortune?"

Brinsley cast a fierce and searching glance at the gypsy chief, and one at his wife, both full significantly, and then answered:—

"I have been a fool to be here! Perhaps, as you say, she could speak softer words than these of the straight-tongued wife, Ketura."

"Kedar is not with me, and I will send a lad with thee to the shepherd's hut, where thou will doubtless find her. But," he added, as Brinsley remounted his horse, "I will not deceive thee! What Ketura knows is nothing fortune is true. I have heard what she has revealed concerning them! I know, therefore, that since we met in boyhood thou hast lived a life of deception; and that it has been in thy heart and blood upon thy hand! What Ketura would not see the princes I will rise before thee and guide thee!"

"I would see her," answered Brinsley, concealing his shame and anger, in order not to fail wholly in his object.

The gypsy walked rapidly forward across the

plain, making only a sign for the capitain to follow him. The latter obeyed and moved on—he and his servant—at a trot to keep up with the swift, light-footed progress of the gypsy.

For two miles in the direction of the North Star, the three went forward, their way over the dark ground lighted only by the stars. Kedar did not speak, and Shane felt he was not needed in conference with one whom he felt despised him for the evil fortune he with Red given him.

At length a faint light was visible along the level plain before them, shining low upon the ground.

"There is the hut of the shepherd, Andrew," said the guide, stopping and looking at the direction of the glimmering rays. I go no further, having path to you the duty of negotiating, and not even a fox should be taken advantage of by such people."

"Thanks, Kedar! Take this gold!"

"No!" answered the gypsy, haughtily.

"Do as you will! Then sit perplexed, Kedar, against thy old play-mate! and tell superstitious believe all the evil he may spoken about me!"

"I believe it! Thou art a bad man! I never wish to see the sun at my service again!"

"This is too much! I will not be insulted by a vile gypsy! I have extended towards thee too great condescension! Take that! and be exiled!"

As the captain angrily spoke, he rode up and struck with his riding-whip, the gypsy upon the face. The man uttered a savage cry of revenge and pain, and flinging his arm around upon the rider, he dragged him from his horse to the earth before the captain could protect himself from the sudden attack; and as his slave stood close to his master. Placing his foot upon his breast, he stooped and felt for his dagger, at the same moment a cry from the African catching him in his long arms about his waist threw him off from his master, rolling him far distant from him.

Brinsley Oakes at once sprang to his feet, and with an oath, and blinded by the shock of the fall, sought his assailant; but the gypsy had fled, and was invisible in the darkness.

"Dam gypsy be de fiddler, massa," ejaculated Pompey. "Here no treeful time!"

"If that fellow ever crosses my path again I will empty his heart of the black blood that is in it," said the captain. "My master—teach him his proper place, Andrew," said Kedar-Ben-Ammi.

"De many save me! De hoff loose he gallopin' off for to dey can go? Hear dat hoff hollin' on de stones?" And the rising night wind bore to their ears the quick sounds of the escaping horses.

The fellow-at all accounts! Mount! By the blues of the infernal fire-consume that gypsy! We are in a bad fix, Pompey!"

"I tink so, massa! But dare be de light! Some body lib dare, sure!"

"Let me lean upon your shoulder! I am severely hurt; gently! Now lead me to the shepherd's cabin, where the light appears to be!"

The voice of the guilty man was no longer haughty or imperative. It had a sickly, pleading tone in it—for pain speedily brings the strong man low, and humbled the proud and lofty; and he who in the morning felt scorn in health and physical power, at evening had to bear for support upon the arm of a poor African slave.

So, slowly and painfully, and groaning at every step, Captain Oakes suffered himself to be led along over the rough ground of the plain, in the darkness, only illumined by occasional flashes of lightning from the south west, their course directed by the gleaming of a light in the window of a shepherd's cottage.

CHAPTER VII.

We will precede Brinsley Oakes and his slave in their slow approach toward the light which promised them shelter and aid in their great need. The shepherd's hut, to which the light guided them, like most of those seen on the Lammie shades of the dwellers on Salisbury Plains, was constructed of mud or turf with, on a sapling frame-work, sod and piled up, one block of turf upon another, until a square enclosure of some ten feet by eighteen was formed, seven feet high, with openings left in the walls for a door and casements. Upon these were walls (not marble, indeed, but God made the turf as well as the marble) was bound by poles a roof which was matted with rushes and then covers thatch-work; and upon this frame was laid squares of turf, in the manner of shingling the seams of the other, to keep out rain! The whole was then covered with a coating of ash clay mixed with dried fern, which when pressed by the sun constituted a firm and durable roof, impervious to storms. It was rude and simple, but kept out the winter's cold and the wet; and though palaces of marble are more elegant and costly, they do no more! nay, some palaces are cold and cheerless, and in lucky rainy not the floods of spring rains. It is not the materials of which a house is built or a dwelling which makes it agreeable; but it is the hearts that beat within it!

In this shepherd's hut, which by a turf-wall with a door (closed by sheepskin for the shepherd) was divided into two compartments, in one of which was an ample stone fire-place, there was no furniture for mere luxury or pleasure, save an wheatcock, no pier-glasses, no thick velvet carpets, no pictures, no Vandyke's, Titians, Rembrandts, Raphaels, either; no mirrors, chandeliers; no bijouterie upon inlaid and costly tables; nothing for show or taste, only for use; such as a bed of fern in each room laid upon wooden trestles; a table, a few blocks for seats, a few rough dishes to cook their food, and a few horn knives, and pots for cooking; and about the walls, on rough pegs, hung the coarse apparel of the shepherd and his family, and daily wear.

Andrew, the shepherd, was a small man with red hair and long beard of the same hue. He had a mild blue eye with a gentle expression; for one whose daily companions are the sheep and the lamb, became kindly in his nature to the objects of his charge. A serene and peaceful calmness beamed from his sun-browned face, and the spirit of benevolence smiled from his lips.

He was seated, on the evening of our story, by the open window of his lone cottage, by a rush candle, made in his own dwelling, an ancient looking Bible of King James's version, for the shepherd as well as his shepherd fathers before him, could read—this art being handed down from father to son with the old Bible, which an antiquarian, if he possessed it, would not part with for one hundred pounds; but to the humble value of his Bible consisted in the riches of its grace. He was ignorant of the treasure he possessed in the rare book—collectors would estimate its only as being the treasure-house of immortal hope.

He was reading, as was his want, and had been for most of his fathers, at even-tide, when the sheep were all folded and the little house carefully darkened, and their evening meal had been partaken of with a blessing, a chapter in his well-thumbed Bible, the latter a blessing shepherd's law of evening. The story of Ruth glistening after Boaz, was the subject of the evening's lecture. While they were, with the simplicity and good sense, which characterizes this class of people, discussing the devotion and purity of the gentle and loving Jewish girl, there was suddenly heard a sharp knock at the door.

"It is the poor crazy lady," said Jess, his thick-bearded wife, whose soft head-gear never shone with any brighter light than that of love and piety to her husband and her lord; "I knew her quick rap. Open to her Henry! Poor thing!"

The good-wife, going to the door, found, as her mother had said, the poor crazy woman at it. With her dark hair falling unbraided down her symmetrical back, her eyes wild and anxious in their expression, Katharine Cecil stood without the entrance. Upon her pale and haggardly beautiful countenance the light from without shone with a ghastly glare, as she held up her hand, and a boy four or five years old. His dress though coarse was neat, and his features were finely formed and of that peculiar high-bred outline which belongs to the descendants of aristocratic lines.

The child looked alarmed, and shrunk back.

"Come in, sun! These are friends! God's friends here! If, Andrew, the Lord had known these good folk when He was on earth, and said He had no where to lay His head, He would have found a place here! Jesus was a shepherd, too; and He would have loved this good Andrew! I have laid my poor brother's head upon a night-bench of Heaven-protected roof!"

"Come in, my child again," answered Andrew, rising and going to meet her as his wife led her in by her hand and took the lad by the other.

"Nay, Andrew Harker, I ask it not for myself to-night; perhaps never again! but for my boy, my child, my son! Take him in, and let him be a shepherd! I know not what will befall me! I trust! But for his sake, O, my God! grant that the good old gypsy house will do for me till I get one of those unbearable blows which will send me to rest! Take and pillow these among them by crossing pallet! Let me dwell with them! But, my boy! what hath he done that his mother may work and suffer upon him; nor the rise of his father he remembers not with pride, but with shame and grief! Take him, good Andrew—and in thine, Jean! Let me give up my boy!"

"Here be treeful time!"

"That we will, lady!" said Jess, as she gave her a seat. "It is a fine lad!"

"Let him be a shepherd! He hath injured his gentle trade of a shepherd, Andrew," said Katharine Cecil, wildly.

"He shall be to me as a son! But it will be a rough service for the child of the shade of the hill upon him; nor the rise of his father he remembers not with pride, but with shame and grief! Take him, good Andrew—and in thine, Jean! Let me give up my boy!"

"Here be treeful time!"

"That we will, lady!" said Jess, as she gave her a seat. "It is a fine lad!"

"Let him be

"A SHADOW LIKE AN ANGEL."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

He crossed my path with curls of golden brown—
A toss that rioted on my cousin Jeanne's;
Yet blackest lashes heavily drooped down
To hide the glorious blue eyes' depth of dreams;
The form was slight—but, oh, his was a Size
That made the manliest heart of woman beat;
And to-day that heart ached with its sore load
With many ripples on its surface of deceit.

For what can words paint half so bright as he?
And what can dreams do justice to his face?
Unless they'd chance to stand and gaze like me,
And drink in his beauty with a single look.
For though they said he was of mortal mold,
And though he did not match through the air,
And knew the shifting breeze him not cold,
He passed as angels might—for second less fair.

I had not seen aught like to him before,
And I had not dreamed I should see him again;
And yet I felt that, though I never saw him more,
I sigh for such a form, and sigh in vain.
For that one draught of youthful loveliness
Seemed half the food dreaming ones may choose—
Ah, though I met his gaze but once, I know—
For a strange earthquake was drowning there.

He's gone—he's gone too soon! oh, he's gone!
Since his young beauty left my gaze. And now
Some winds and evildoers cause me doubt and fear
Over the pure paleness of blackness and brow,
And they have all said that beauty is but of form.
Some glorious and consonant gleam,
Might also say of your soul—but I know
Its his form all will be one mournful dream.

BELLE LOUISE.

THE GHOST OF AN OLD MAN'S YOUTH.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

It seems strange to me, to sit here, on this bright Junemorning, when the sunshine is streaming into my room, and flowers and birds are everywhere around me; it seems strange to turn back to the young days almost gone by, and speak of that bright and beautiful creature who came like a dream or fancy across my path, and who now molders away beneath the feet of the churchyard. But I must be done.

There's a stair in my chamber, carved in other years by me—

From the memory of a lady, in a land beyond the sea.

In its niche I keep it hidden, by a veil from common eyes
But my own hand it ever, and it knows my every sighs.

Through the day it stands before me, and speaks my sketch-ings;
And at night it grows so soothed, that I cannot sleep for fright.

For when falls the ghastly moonlight, in the silence of my room,
And my spirit flinks within me, as it beacheres for its tomb,

Then on some the woman's statue, from its marble's cold case
Pulled with her love and sorrow, and the death that died for me.

And, as stronger her spell upon me, as she breaks above my head,
She becomes my constant loving, I the still more wretched dead.

So it has been with me!

She sat on the stone steps of her stately home as I came up through the lime avenue. She was dressed in some soft fabric of rose color, that fell around her in graceful waves, and on her neck, and arms, and bosom, sparkled the diamond ornaments of her father's house. In her black hair was a single blood-red flower with dark green leaves—a flower in her hand was withering slowly. As all things withered, Belle Louise, when your fervid grasp was on them.

For a year I had loved this woman, in her strange beauty and loneliness; for a year I had lived in her side each evening as the sun went down in the west—yet here, tonight, at my appointed hour, she sat in the place where I had often met her, utterly unconscious of me and my presence. Her large bright eyes were fixed upon the distant mountains, and her cheeks were painfully flushed, as if the sunlight saggy or glowed on it first. I thought I would steal softly away and leave her to the thoughts that were evidently full of me—but then I remembered that on that night I was to hear my doom from those red lips—and I waited.

"Belle Louise!?" I said, very softly.

She started, and turned toward me impatiently, but her eyes softened as they met mine, and then she gave me her white hand to kiss.

"I am glad, Dr. Vaughn, it must be near your time when I came and sat down here?"

"Were you watching for me?" I asked, with eager delight.

She frowned, and lifted her head haughtily.

"Here I sat often tell you, Victor, that I never watch for any one's coming! I watched once—years ago—God help me!"

Her musical voice rung out like steel as she fin-ished speaking. I knew by her manner that she had heard that Belle Louise, in the bloom of early girlhood, had been married to one she loved better than life. She was a brilliant, young, heroic, beautiful and jealous. They were not happy, although they loved. A mystery hung between her and the life of their married life which had never been solved—but it was known that the young officer, after a brief absence in battle, was brought home dying, and only lived long enough to whisper a few words in the ear of his fiancée's wife, which seemed to change her to stone. From that time she had been brilliant and reckless—had never left the house—but of old.

I waited till she was calm again, and then I took her hand once more in mine.

"Belle Louise," I said, "the time has come when I must speak. I feel now you have breasts, these three days, one year ago. I have loved you madly. I told you so the other day. I told you so if you will be my wife. If not—then, Belle Louise, I must leave forever. I can stay by you no longer if you are not mine—wholly and entirely!"

As I pronounced these words with all the fire of my soul, her face darkened and then became pale. She looked back at the dark stone house behind us.

"Victor, it is not a pleasant home, but I have sworn never to seek another. My husband!—she paused a moment—"never he may be, more dare it with me. And life here is a curse. Victor,—a curse I could not draw down upon your young head."

"Do you love me, Belle Louise?"

"What is pain that?" she answered, curtly.

"I think you do—so!"

What sudden light and bloom was this rising over her lovely face? What glance of fire was this in her dark bright eyes?

"Then I look back of you for what is not dearer than life to me?" she cried, passionately. "There is not a glance of your blue eyes that does not reach my very soul!"

"Belle Louise—what do I hear?" I stammered.

"Is this you—you who have been so cold and distant to me for a year back. Can you love—and like this?"

"Like this, and a thousand times more, my darling! Love? I shall kill you with love if you take me!" You will die in a frantic delirium of joy—beware, Titian—beware!"

"Then welcome death!" I cried, springing towards her. But she held me back a moment.

"But the home, Titian—are you willing to remain in this gloomy spot—alone with me?"

"Love—I would dwell in torture if you were there beside me!"

She made no more resistance now. I held her in my arms, close to my beating heart—she too had kept me at a distance so long—I pressed my lips to hers, and felt an answering kiss—I wept tears of joy, and it was her cool cheek that kissed them all away. I had her—I held her—kepite at fate. The night which seemed so high above me had suddenly changed to a gentle dove and sunk upon my breast.

In one week Belle Louise was my wife!

CHAPTER II.

For a time I knew what perfect happiness was in those brief weeks of ecstacy I wish—oh, how I wish that I had died! Life had nothing more bright and beautiful to offer—and when we have declined the choice of earthly joy, does it not always be rendered at our feet?

The home of Belle Louise was, as she had said, a lonely and gloomy one. Its rooms were large, and dark, and grand—but I always spoke under my breath while in them, and felt a reluctance, for explicable dread for one or two, for which I could not account. It seemed to me as if some dark, mysterious deed had been done between the time of the old house that had made it accursed forever. But when I and my bright-eyed one, my wife, my bride, she turned pale, and caught her breath quickly.

"There is nothing here that can ever have power to hurt you, Titian," she said, in a moment after, in the saddest of voices.

She was fond of sitting, at midnight, in the old parlor that looked out on the avenue, and the long row of old trees with the saddest of closes" on the harp beside the window. One night, some weeks after our marriage, we were sitting there—I, on a footstool beside her, with my arm around her waist. She sat looking down the avenue a moment, and then began a song I had never heard before. I never heard it in that sad voice again. It was a wild, mournful melody, and strange, and wild beyond all that I had ever heard before. I never supposed me. I only know there was a refrain like this:

He came—he came—he came—
He came but to deceive!
But when with the cross beside me—

I listened in silence. I think it was the sweetest and saddest thing I ever heard. But, just as I was about to beg her to repeat it, I heard the galloping of a horse along the avenue beneath us.

"Who can it be, Belle Louise?" I said, as I rose to look out.

"I hear no one," she said, absently. "It must have been the wind."

"No, love—do you not hear it now? The steady gallop of a horse—strange that I can see no one. Ha! there he comes to-night!"

Belle Louise shrieked, and turning, I saw her standing pale and erect, as if trying to control by the trembling hand that fell upon the harp.

"My lord!"

"No, no—don't come near me now," she said, hurriedly, motioning me away. "But tell me, if he comes nearer—how does he look?"

"He is almost here—how strange!"

"What?"

"My darling, he is dressed—"

"I am evidently in the grasp of fair hair falling down on his shoulders?" she cried, in a piercing voice.

"Yes."

"And carries a little child upon his knee, and looks always towards the house?"

"Yes, yes?"

"Oh, my God! I hoped to spare you this!" she cried, and throwing up her arms, fell heavily at my feet.

I raised her in my arms, and laid her on the couch at the further end of the room. She moaned, I looked after the horseman. He had vanished, as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. Perplexed and astonished, I turned to the lady, who had not fainted, and who was watching me anxiously. She beckoned me to her—and I walked heavily on my arm, went straight to her own room, and laid down in her bed.

I had always thought that nothing on earth should ever make me distrust Belle Louise. But the strange, mysterious words I had heard—the thought she had no confidence in me, and where confidence was not, I argued there could be no love. Who was this mysterious stranger, with the dark-eyed child, and why did she not tell me her hand why his appearance shocked her so? Musing on these things, I walked the floor of the sitting-room till I was tired, and then I opened softly upon's couch to sleep.

Through the hall-gauge door Belle Louise had watched me anxiously. When she saw me do this, she started up in bed, and called out—

"Titian, love, come here?"

I went and stood by her in silence.

"Every night since our marriage your head has rested on my breast," she said, in a low voice. "Are you angry with me now, Titian, that it would have, Titian?"

"My wife, love and confidence," I answered, mournfully.

She sighed, and sank back upon her pillow. I went away and walked into the next room again.

The wind blew cold and chilly from the terrace. I went to fasten a small glass door that was open there, when something in the little hall between fell to the floor from me. I picked it up, found it was the door, and went back to the light to see what I had found.

It was the portrait of a man younger than myself, with straight, regular features, sunny hair, and the coldest, most repellent eyes which ever gave I ever saw. Yet around his mouth a beautiful child smile was lingering, and his whole face looked good and noble. It was only in the eyes that soul and sense spoke out, and showed him as he was—heartless. I had never seen him before—but by his knee, with a lily in its hand.

I carried the picture straight to the bedside of Belle Louise.

"I found it in the passage that leads to the terrace," I said, sternly. "If you can explain this mystery, I will take you to my heart once more. I love you as madly as ever."

She had groaned, and covered her eyes, when she saw the picture; but as I spoke she looked up at me.

"Never till then, Titian?"

I shook my head, because I could not trust myself to speak.

"My love—my love, oh, come to me!"

I tried to be firm. I tried to turn away. But as she sat there, with her long black hair falling over her shoulders—with her soft, white arm extended to draw me to her breast, with her beautiful face full of pride, and passion, and entreaty—my resolution failed. I hurled the portrait from me, without another glance at the smiling face, and sank into her arms.

"Belle Louise," I murmured, "I told you once I could dwell in torments so you were beside me. I believe it now."

"Nay, love," she answered, kissing my forehead, "you will live to joy instead. But ever, ever, dearest, could we again, as you have done to-night. You shall know all soon. Till then will you trust me whatever may happen?"

"With perfect faith."

I was helpless while her arms were around me, and her beautiful face so close to mine, and could make no answer but believe in her, in spite of all. She smiled at my answer, and bending over me, kissed me fondly. But they died heavily, and even the more like a happy infant than like a worried and anxious man.

CHAPTER II.

We went away from the old house the next day—Belle Louise and I. The servants remained behind. For them there were no apprehensions, and so the hot-bred carriage galloping up the lime avenue—no little child smiling at his knee. But Belle Louise and I wanted—craved even more like a happy infant than like a worried and anxious man.

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"Titian—love—do you not know your service, is it not right for me to know its cause? Confide in me, as I implore of you."

"You shall know all," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "but not now. I have assured that you will soften and despise me, I will tell you."

She turned her chair from me, and sat a little in the shadow.

"Titian, you know I married when I was a mere child—almost too young to know the meaning of love or marriage."

"I know it, Belle Louise."

"I was left an orphan at fourteen. I would always have loved him, had he allowed it. But he was a cold, selfish, exploring, unfeeling man—I decided, reading her voice, as if to tell defiance to the shade that lurked around us, "and I, for a while, was dazzled with the lights of society. He said, proudly, "how well filled I was to play each part. My husband loved me—I did not love him, too. I loathed the very beauty which had won my heart, and the grace which had captivated me. I was young, and was easily danger, and so hand was stretched out to serve me!"

"Belle Louise, you love me!"

"I had a friend," she continued, "as sensitive as he was haughty—as kind as he was cold—as tender as he was stern. He was a young officer in the army. I looked up into his dark face with positive relief when I turned from the fair, treacherous beauty of my husband. At last I loved him—and he loved me! Judge what my husband's rage must have been when he found it out!"

"He was on the battle-field that day, and before nightfall he had met his foe. There was a duel—a struggle—a pistol shot, but his sword was red with the heart's blood of my lover, and my little child, when he came back to me. And on the threshold he blazed the things in my ear. 'I leave my bitter curse upon you, child,' said never to life with your shadow, on which I dared not look.

I caught the portrait from its place upon the bed, and, standing erect, I scanned it keenly. Each fast wrecking laugh rang through the room, and at its sound my wife raised her drooping head, and put her black hair from her pale face.

"Belle Louise, do you know me?" I asked, suddenly.

She smiled a kind of weary smile, and turned towards me. I held out my arms, the smile was stop, staggered, reeled, and would have fallen if I had not caught her. I carried her down into the cool parlor, and laid her beside her child, but her heart was cold and still, and when I called her, for the first time she did not hear my voice! Belle Louise was dead!

As I sat beside her, in a dumb silence, the old servant came nearer me.

"Take up the child," I said, "and let it be cared for carefully. Keep it out of my sight forever."

She obeyed—but as she lifted the infant, she paused, and looked timidly at me.

"What is it?"

"Take the child in with its mother," she said, with a pitying look.

I was alone! I held the little form upon that cold, still bosom, and buried my face in its hair. Blighted bud and broken flower were lying there together—and the one, alas, was I that I should be spared to tell the tale!

HOTEL LIFE.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

I know of no sollitude like that of a large hotel, conducted on the European plan. At other houses, be they ever so luxurious, there is generally a resident or guest at some hour of the day, and there grow familiar till you watch them eagerly, and try to read their characters from their looks and movement. To such as have pleased your fancy you can even feel quite a stranger. You follow them in imagination to their chambers—you go out with them into the different places of amusement, and see them, dreamily, when they love and when they hate, and if they ever have a lingering thought of you. You hear over and slightly figure sensations as interest in their hearts. You look for each coming evening at the theatre, to see if your place is yet filled, and you feel, with a kindly glow at your heart, that you have been true if it is not occupied. You meet their children in the halls and on the stairs, and lay your hand on their curly heads, as you pass, and say a word or two to their parents, with whom you have never spoken. So it goes on, day by day, and when at last you leave your pretty little room, and begin to pack your trunk for a long visit, you look with a strange choking in your throat, and something rising in your eyes that is very like a tear, and you wonder if you will ever see it, or them, more again in this world, they will sometimes recall your memory as kindly as you remember them. But in the other house, how different. Strangers in your lonely room, you, the life of a family all around you, and know that you are not expected to share in it. You hear the voices of those you love, and the merry laughter of children, and servants going up and down in the passages—yet, if you open your door and look out, who do you see? Only the chambermaid sitting quietly over her sewing at the landing, or some one else descending over his desk, and writing rapidly, in the hall beyond. The voices still sound upon your ear, but they are not yours. If you go down, and again, in perfect tranquility, and seems equally willing to stand in your room at nine in the morning or nine at night, as the case may be. She is possessed of a dumb spirit, too, and goes about her work so quietly that, in the autumnal, you are, in the room, that it would be a relief to you to throw the book you are reading at her head, for the sake of breaking the charm that seals her lips.

There is no gong sounded here—no cheerful summons to meals—no bell to call for who likes to hear "that tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell," and you must take up the quarter-hour's walk, or else in a while your love the rattle of plates, and knives, and forks, and the sight of the white aprons of the servants, who are hurrying to the different tables. Then, at last, you are summoned by something that could tempt the appetite of an epicure in there. The soup and its rare condiment, the game and its delicate dressing, the sweet and the bitter, the wheat wafer pierce the dessert upon the table, and bring to your memory the days of your youth. There is no quacking fire before which you can sit and dream, and build up a network of castles, but a grand steam-pipe, that reminds you strongly of prison bars and gratings. You saunter up and down the long, dreary hall, and wonder if the day is dark, and dreary, and rainy—the streets wet, and the mud deep, in which the pleasant and the beautiful place you have ever seen. You go back to your room with a sigh. You look out upon the tree in your hands, and as the room grows dark, and the gas in the hall outside is lighted, and falls across your door in a network of light, reserves and disappointments of embittered life come back to you, and you feel that you are under a kind of miserable pity for your own incurred melancholy.

Saints preserve us! Give me a home in a gay little country "tavern," if you will—where the landlord has a fine face, and a fine laugh—a roast an ox, and the doors and windows plenty of room, and the fire in the bar-room, where the boys says "Yes" and "No" to all your questions, and the landlord has no power to go out of sight of you are, where you came from, where you are going, and what you are going to do. But save me, from the fate of a permanent residence in one of these living tombs!

LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN PERSIA.

When the Persians make love, they use many strategems to overcome the difficulties which are so faithfully. In the ardor of their affection, they burn frankincense under the nose of the object of their love. If they accost them, the ladies are always covered, and they can only be espied by the feet and scarfs of silk to bind up the wounds which they have received. This is called "the wounds of Love;" and they are most esteemed who put themselves to the greatest pain.

The Persians marry many wives, which they may part with; the nobility have as many as they can maintain, and the common people as they can get. When the day is appointed for the marriage of a young man and his bride, and friends meet at the house, dressed in his livery; if they are not particular friends they dress as they please, and always go on foot, as do they can. When they meet, they conduct the bridegroom to the bride's chamber, she entering by another door. He then makes her a most submissive, profound obeisance. Should the man not be satisfied with his bride, he often leaves her in the presence of the company, after he has given her a sum of money, and her relations instantly depart with her.

THE MOON.—The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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AN OUTRAGEOUS FACT.

With all our boasted independence, and our real existence as a people, and our pretensions to industry, slavery to foreign fashions, foreign literature, foreign labor and foreign standards of taste, in many directions, is an outrageous fact in our national history. It is scarcely too much to say that we have, as yet, barely the shadow of a nationality in art or feeling. If we have ranked in the forefront of nations, it has been for our wealth and our material extent, our accumulation of wealth and population, and a somewhat pretentious blazing about our Americanism, rather than because we have demonstrated our right to stand on a very proud, all-prevailing American spirit. In one direction our unslavery has run to the extreme—it could have gone no further. That is, in the way means reduced now. If it is tolerable that our labor should despise itself by patronizing foreign industry, and our country keep its own vast resources closed by commanding the consumption, or the better products of other lands, and the American people thereby be made the paupers of the Old World's fetters and treasures, and the Old World's servants, it is intolerable that an American article, in every way equal or superior to whatever of its kind the world can produce, cannot be offered in the American market with equal chances of appreciation and sale, if it bear an American brand.

Such a fact seems too humiliating to American pride and patriotism to be credible; yet it is an exacting and universal fact, all through the land. We could point to large printing houses in this city that do little else, and whose proprietors have made, and are making fortunes by printing the decade of foreign labels and trade marks to be put on American articles by American manufacturers, because the American people will have it so, and the buyers a foreign trend. Scores of trade and manufacturing classes have for years been making and selling wholly under false labels, pleading in justification of its commercial life, the necessity of the world for the foreign stamped article will command the market.

Nearly all the finer perfumery and toilet articles consumed in this country, are made here, but are sold under Paris, Or Rhenish, or other foreign labels. Nearly all the foreign stamped writing paper is made here—the manufacturers there distributing enough to boast of the "dodge." Three-fourths of men and women are in this city making hats, and bonnets, and caps to be worn here at all, on completion, labeled "Paris." Or broadcloths, our cottons and silks, our cassimeres, and our boots and gloves, must take on the foreign mark, or they must sell a second class. And yet, a thoroughly useful things we have proved ourselves inventive and skillful beyond rivalry. The world acknowledges that much, but does not yet sufficient national pride to stand on our own feet, and vitalize what it has of, and that is, a nationality.

In many Spectacles—in nearly all that relates to labor—we are mockery and self-degraded, however good, if it be an American in competition with a foreign article! This slavish prejudice of the Old World—of peoples and industries inferior to ours—is abominable. It is a vast self-confidence of a nation for which the Old World laughs at us while she pockets the profits. We must have French cologne with French notices, our tables must be overspread with "Irish linen" and British crockery and cutlery; our floors, if they are luxuriously, must be covered by foreign looms; our widows must be clung with foreign bayes; our foreign colors must sparkle in foreign goblets; our aristocratic amusements must be foreign; and if there be a belle in the land, she must seek, as her first choice for a husband, some Baron Stumbleky or Count Slow-upyour-self, from "abroad." Really, we have not this sort of servility "a-mock." When shall we have an end of it, and substitute, once more and forever, those better days when simpler habits prevailed, and Americans were not ashamed to prefer things equally good, because they were American?

GIVE US GOOD MEN.

"Give us good men for office," cries a clodenpurpy, "and it matters little what party triumphs." So say we; and assertions and office-holding have to do with the constant welfare of our country. We may venture a non-partisan word on this point without transgressing the Lenox's bounds. Without holding a sectarian bauble, we feel it our duty and privilege to appeal in behalf of religion, and so, without being partisan, we esteem it a duty and privilege to plead for good morals, and sound principles in politics and government. Give us religious public servants, and all will be well. Under such, parties will war, and demagogues rage, in vain. When we are righteous we mean intelligent, practical, good men—men who have at heart the popularity still in a class or faction, but for their fitness for public trust.

It was the selection of such men as subordinates that made the success of the Jackson administration world. Even despotisms have owed their success to the *fame* of their agents. Our governments—federal, State, and municipal—is, or ought to be, a plain, practical, commonsense thing. If other than that, it is a sure sign that it is weak, corrupt, and bad. Give us for office men who, staking religious confidence in their integrity, are known for the highest interests of the community and State, and the small and petty and dishonest seek in vain cause. Our offices should seek for noblest occupants—should be held by merit for, as now, by men only ambitious to make the three or four years of power and plunder. We want a recurrence of the days and times of Washington, when the office was earnest zeal of our fathers, who had not yet learned to look upon it as desirable for their sons.

For legislators, we want men who will give us fewer, and simpler, and juster statutes—men who cannot be swayed by caucus or clique, but who will care only for the common weal. For executive men, we want honesty, honor, integrity, and ability. And this is all we want—as simple is the machinery of good government. And all we should have this, if all the man-loving and God-fearing among us would do their political duty, and take the matter of elections into their own hands. Then will they not, since good government is desirable to all good men. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," says the Book of books, and the "rulers" so exalted, are the foremost agents of that high character. Good men—yes, give us good men and that means essentially *us* men, for office, and it will matter little what party triumphs.

EDUCATE, EDUCATE!

This is the touch-stone, which, more than all others we delight to apply to our "contributors?" Not in any narrow or exclusive sense of the word, but in the widest sense. Educate physically, mentally, morally, religiously—every way! Expand the mind, and you expand the heart. Give the child a fair chance of educating the people too much, so long as their teachers, in youth or in age, are wise and good.

Nature may have been bountiful. She may have given more profuse in geology, and mineralogy, and big partiality in her bestowals of intellectual capacity. But she is very impartial in her gifts of good and direct aright the powers of the mind. A few, among each class, may have neglected educational appliances which would have made them, in a certain sense degree, when grown to manhood or womanhood. But they depended on Nature's gifts alone. It may have been mainly self-conceit—perhaps a morbid sensitiveness—perhaps personal teachers—but it was education of *none* which, after all.

When, on a certain occasion, Dyonysius, the Syracusan tyrant, insisted on being instructed in geometry by Archimedes, according to some new and more rapid method than that in vogue, the philosopher replied that there was no royal road to it. "*no royal road to science.*"

We have said that nature cannot enable us to dispense with instruction. The same is true of fortune. Wealth can pay for education. It can buy no substitute. Education, then, educate, educate!

"I WON'T!"

That's frank and honest! It gives us the simple truth, exposed to all. "I won't," says the child to a parent. "I won't," says the boy to a teacher. "I won't," says the man to his employer. "I won't," says the woman to her husband. "I won't," says the girl to her mother. "I won't," says the boy to his father. "I won't," says the boy to his brother. "I won't," says the boy to his sister. "I won't," says the boy to his friend. "I won't," says the boy to his enemy. "I won't," says the boy to his God. "I won't," says the boy to his country. "I won't," says the boy to his Saviour. "I won't," says the boy to his Redeemer. "I won't," says the boy to his Judge. "I won't," says the boy to his Eternity. "I won't," says the boy to his Heaven. "I won't," says the boy to his Hell. "I won't," says the boy to his Devil. "I won't," says the boy to his Everything. "I won't," says the boy to his Nothing. "I won't," says the boy to his Anything

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

BY ALICE CARY.

O, the cool and silent shadows,
That trembled as they hung
On the bridge beside the grassy lane,
When I walked when I was young!

O, the green and graceful sin-vines,
Where I used to sit and sigh
Till the evening sunlit water seem'd
In the bosom of my love, close by!

And oh, the sweet, sweet trouble,
That made my heart beat fast,
If she talked to ease me till my time
Was but a moment past.

Ah, if the spring should scorn without
The bright and blessed May,
Or Oh could only the shaded moon,
The world would look that way.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORIO, THE GOLD-SEEKER," "THE OUTCASTS OF REDWOOD," "A MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE RESCUE.

The moon arose at nine o'clock, clear and bright. At ten, the pinnace was hauled up to the starboard gangway, and ten selected men, with the captain and Jack following. The ship lay with her larboard side turned the town, so that by pulling away under cover of the starboard beam, the boat would be as soon by any one on shore. The men were well armed, and ready for any ordinary emergency. As soon as Bion had taken his seat the boat was pushed off; and until they had gained the entrance to the harbor they kept under cover of their vessel. From here it was but a moment's pull to the landland, and when this was once reached there was no more need of caution.

The creek was found as had been described, and ere long afterwards they came to the basin, it being a place where the creek widened to a sort of pond. Bion landed as he had been directed, and after working his way through a mass of underbrush, he came to an open field, upon the left of which was the central hill as had been pointed out. The moon shone brightly—almost too brightly, for the movements of the adventurers could have been detected at a considerable distance, had there been any sentinels upon the lookout.

Our party saw nothing, however, to excite any apprehension, and they moved on at once toward the hill, upon the northern side of which, and at the foot, they found a large stone, which seemed to cover some sort of an aperture. Bion went up, and spoke:

"Hallo! Any one in here?"

"Yes!" answered a voice from within, in quick, eager accents.

"Who are you?"

"Men and Americans. Can you set us free?"

"We have come to do that thing. Wait a moment."

A heavy bar of wood was found close at hand, and with this the men got a purchase upon the heavy stone. It required considerable power to throw the rock over, but it was done at last; and in a moment more two men rushed out. The moon shone full in their faces as they hurried, and revealed their features plainly.

The first one of the two was a tall, grand man, with long gray hair, and a grizzly beard all unshorn. His eyes were sunken, and his face of a dark hue. His only clothing was a piece of cotton cloth, wound about the body from over the left shoulder.

The second man was smaller than his companion, and not quite so old, the first thirty or forty. His hair was tinged with gray, but not much. His beard was long and flowing, and much more silvered than his hair. His features were regular, and must have been handsome when flushed with health. But they were dark and sallow now, and the frame seemed weak and emaciated.

"Oh! can we to be free?" gasped the first of the two, springing forward, and shaking Bion by the hand.

"Yes, sir—you are!" was the young captain's reply. "While we have life you shall have liberty!"

"Blessings on your head!" the freed man cried, with overpowering gratitude. "Can I see free?" he continued, clasping his hands, and raising them heavenward: "Oh, God! am I free at last?" He bowed his head as he uttered the words, covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

In the meantime, his companion had been upon his knees, pouring forth his thanks in deep, heartfelt tones.

But that was not the place for constitution, so Bion turned towards his boat, and made motions to follow. The boat was reached without difficulty, and before one o'clock they were safe on board the ship.

As the old captain's feet touched the deck, and he cast his eyes over the moonlit scene, his heart swelled again, and notes of thanksgiving fell from his lips.

"Oh! I cannot realize it!" he uttered, with his hands clasped. "Oh, although I am once more! Behold the Yankee flag! Oh! God be praised! It is not a dream!"

"It can't be a dream, unless I have changed to a spirit, and this be a phantom ship," returned Bion, smiling.

Upon the quarter-deck the old man stopped and gazed around again. He looked over the deck first, and then cast his eyes aloft. Everything was up and in its place, and no ship ever looked better in point of order and neatness.

"Have I seen the captain?" he asked.

"I am the man, sir," said our hero.

"You!—captain! Pardon me, sir. I thought you were very young."

"So I am, sir—young in years, at all events; not yet one-and-twenty, sir—not quite, though I soon shall be."

"Were you out in all the storm, sir?"

"Yes."

"And had no accident?"

"One mate-lost aboard to pieces, sir."

At this point Jack Walker moved nearer to the old man, and said:

"A poorer captain, sir, might never have brought this ship into port at all. Captain Burnett is young, but there are genuine fire——"

"There—that will do, Jack," interrupted Bion; and then, turning to Fourbier, he added: "He has brought us up, sir, from a small bay, and he feels rather proud of his work. So when he praises me, he means a good word for himself as well."

"That isn't fair," urged Jack. "If you tell that, I'll tell more. I tell ye, sir,"—to Fourbier—"he's done more for me than I ever did for him. But I guess that'll do."

"For the present," added Bion. "And now to business. I think the sooner we leave this place the better; don't you, sir?"

"Aye, sir, I do, most assuredly," answered Fourbier, to whom this last remark was addressed.

During all this while the other man had not spoken a word. He had been grazing upon Bion steadily and anxiously, over and anon turning his eyes upon Jack.

"Can I go below, sir?" asked our hero. We will get under weigh at once."

"Oh—let me see it, I pray you. Can I not—if you will not go with me?"

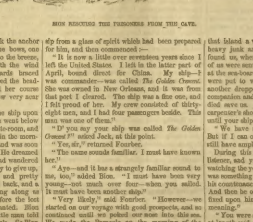
"I won't do that, sir," said Bion, smilingly. And then turning to Jack he gave the order for calling all hands to up anchor.

The cable was quickly passed, and ere long the windlass began to revolve. There was only one anchor down, and the men were not many minutes in bringing the bows over it. They worked not quite so coolly as usual, because they were obliged to do it without noise. They missed the old song:

"Heave away—Heave, boys—
One—two—three!
Heave away!—Heave, boys!
We'll soon be out at sea!
Heave away!—Heave, boys!
Heave, boys, heave!
Heave away!—Heave, boys!
Adieu!—Heave!"

And so on, *ad infinitum and ad libitum.*

But they knew they would not do to raise the sleepers on shore, so they bove away in silence. As soon as the anchor was aspeak, the topsails were cast loose, the courses unfurled, and the jib hoisted.



BION RESCUING THE PRISONERS FROM THE CAVE.

A few more turns of the windlass took the anchor from the mud, and as it came to the bows, one after another of the sails was spread to the breeze, and the ship stood out to sea with the wind upon the larboard bow, and the yards braced sharp up. But after she had cleared the headland, her helm was put up, and her course laid north-west, the wind being now very near abeam.

As soon as the captain had seen the ship upon the true course, and the wind set, he went below and gave his two new passengers a state-room, and promised to find them some clothing in the morning. Then he sought his own room, and was soon asleep. At length he had a dream. He dreamed that he was lost in a wood. He had wandered about a long time, and was about ready to give up, when he heard somebody singing; and pretty soon a little old man, with a bumped back, and a tall red cap on his head, came hopping along so merrily as could be. He stopped before the lost wanderer, and asked him what he wanted. Bion told him he had lost his way. The little man told him to get on to the hump upon his back. So Bion mounted the curious hump, which looked just like the one which Punch wears in the picture-books, and in a moment more the little old man came into the air and sailed away! And when he alighted it was upon the deck of the Ocean Bird. Bion got from his comical seat, and when he turned to thank his conductor, he saw, instead of the little man with the red cap, the young mother of the two whom he had released from the cave. "I'll see you again, sir, were you to go to the moon;" and then he flew away into the air with a loud cry!

Bion awoke, and found it broad daylight.

His first movement after dressing was to look up some clothing for his two passengers. He had even surmised he knew would fit the second one, and he found a pair of pants, a vest, and a coat—a trifle loose, perhaps, but yet right otherwise.

When the men were awake, the clothes were taken in to them, and they were found to answer very well. They were very grateful, and hoped they might at some time be able to repay their kind benefactor.

"I take my pay for such things as I go along," returned our hero, with a smile.

"How is it: can I take a farewell look at the land of my servitude?" asked Fourbier, after he had dressed himself.

"No, sir," answered Bion. "We've taken you a little too far off for that."

"Well—I am not sorry."

The two men went up and took a look over the sea, and as they stood together by the weather quarter-rail their hands were clasped, and tears of gratitude were again in their eyes.

Bion could now examine them more fully than he had before been enabled to do, and the result of his observations was, that the oldest one's name to be—had been a very powerful man, but he was weak now, though not really sick. The frame was worn and shrunk rather than diseased, as misery and having kept up a mental and bodily activity in its part towards breaking down a strong constitution. He had a fine head—large and full—and good features. The top of his head was somewhat bald, and the hair that clustered about there and ears very near white.

The second man was smaller; and though much worn and debilitated, yet he did not show it to the same degree as the other. His complexion was the darkest, and his features most regular and handsome, and overshadowed by a spirit of deep melancholy, which gave promise to the most casual observer. Both of them had grown very dark beneath the climate to which they had been so long exposed, though the former was by the far darkest. Fourbier appeared to be something over sixty years of age; Lancompagnon, not far from fifty.

After breakfast, as the young captain, Jack Wallace and the two passengers sat in the cabin, Bion turned to Fourbier and asked him if he would not relate the circumstances attending his capture and subsequent servitude. The old man replied that he had intended to do so, and had only been waiting for a favorable opportunity. He took a sip from a glass of spirit which had been prepared for him, and then commenced:

"It is now a little over seventeen years since I left the United States. I left in the latter part of April, bound direct for China. My ship—my commander—was called *The Golden Crown.* She was owned in New Orleans, and it was from that port I cleared. The ship was a fine one, and I felt proud of her. My crew consisted of thirty-eight men, and I had four passengers beside. This was our complement of men."

"If you say your ship was called *The Golden Crown,*" added Jack, at this point.

"Yes, sir," returned Fourbier.

"The same sounds familiar. I must have known her."

"Aye—and it has a strangely familiar sound to me, too," added Bion. "I must have been very young—not much over four—when you sailed. It must have been another ship."

"Very likely," said Fourbier. "However—we started on our voyage with good prospects, and so continued until we passed our Azore Isles this one. We made the Parcels on the morning of the second of December, and about one, very near to them, to the east'd. We were within some two or three miles of the largest of them, I having stood in for the purpose of taking some telescopic views of the coast, when there arose a very heavy sea—one out from behind a low reef, and pulled for the ship. I saw that they were full of armed men, and I ordered them as nearly as I could, and found over a hundred of them, each canoe having about fifty men to a canoe in it.

"I at once had our arms got up and prepared; but we had little time for preparation. We were under the lee of the islands, and had not very little wind: not over a knot-and-half—so the canoes were upon us in a few minutes. I saw resistance myself that they were pirates. I called all hands aft, and told them that we must fight—and they agreed to stand by me to the last man. We had about two hundred muskets and two cannon-guns which carried six-pound shot. These latter we had loaded, and with them we sank one very large canoe, and sent the rest back shattered. But we had killed only a few, and those who lived hardly clustered into the other boats; and before we could load again they were alongside.

"We fought bravely; but what could we do against such numbers? The pirates were Malays, and all of them stout, reckless fellows. They came on board like so many wild beasts, and when I found that over fifty of them had gained the deck, I gave up all for lost. I had a pouch. The deck was now literally swarming with them, and I ordered several marines to kill me at once; but their leader managed to subdue them, and then made them a short harangue, promising to be endeavoring to impress upon their minds-some thing very important, which I afterwards learned was, the delivering of the ship into their hands.

"As soon as the pirates had become quiet the captain turned to me.—He could speak English quite well.—He asked me if I would surrender.

"I told him that I would not, if I could see a reasonable chance of success. He asked if we resisted he meant to kill us all; but if we did not, that he would spare us, and set us on shore.

"I had no alternative. I told him I should fight no more unless I was to save life. After this we were bound, and they then began to ransack the ship. They got all the money, amounting to some eighty thousand dollars; and, in fact, everything they wanted of the cargo. Then they stripped the ship of her sails and rigging, and afterwards took us on shore. Eleven of our men had been killed in the fearful engagement with the pirates were boarding.

"That very night the wind grew to a gale, and a heavy surf set in, which lasted two days. I became of the ship I never knew. The gale was from the north-west, and she must have been blown off towards the very islands where you found me."

"Ah! I understand!" Jack exclaimed, looking about him now. Let's see: I was in New York in May, sixteen years ago; and she was cast on there that the *Golden Crown* had been cast away in the Chinese Sea, and all hands lost. I remember it now. One of my shipmates brought us the newspaper aboard and read us the news. The brig was found somewhere at sea with her masts cut away to half-filled with water; and four dead bodies in the cabin. I remember now. They said there had been a severe storm a week or two before they found the wreck."

"Aye," resumed the narrator, "I supposed such an event might happen. Well—we were kept upon the island a week, and then we were taken in a heavy boat and carried to the place where you found us, where we were sold into slavery. Part of us were sent into the interior, and a part kept at the sea-board. Sickness set in as the poor men were put to work in the hot sun, and one after another dropped away. Eleven months ago my companion and myself were left alone. All had died around us. We were then set to work in the carpenter's shop, where we have worked ever since until your ship made its appearance in our harbor.

"We have seen suffering enough, God knows! But if I can once more regain my health I shall still have ample scope for thankfulness and joy."

During this recital Bion had been an attentive listener, and yet much of the time he had been watching the younger of his two passengers. There was something in the appearance of the man—in his countenance—that more than interested him. And then he often found the eyes of the passenger fixed upon himself with a look of eager, anxious meaning.

"You were a passenger, sir?" the young captain at length said, turning towards the man.

"Yes, sir," he replied, in a tremulous tone. And as he thus spoke he cast a look upon his countenance which caused the latter to start half up from his chair. It was a look which brought back to the youth's mind a dim, unconscious memory, like a face which hurries by in a crowd, and is gone ere it can be identified.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

It was some minutes ere another word was spoken in the cabin. Bion gazed into the face which had so interested him, and the stranger returned the gaze with equal ardor.

"Pardon me, sir," spoke our hero, at length, "but I have not yet heard your name."

"My name is CLARENCE HOWLEY, sir," the man replied, his voice still trembling with emotion.

"*Howley!*" repeated Bion, with a sudden start. "*Howley!*" uttered Jack, in blank astonishment.

Bion looked from the latter to the former.

"Have you a brother Christopher?" asked Jack, quickly.

"I had a brother by that name when I left the States, sir."

Jack turned to Bion and caught him by the hand; and was upon the point of speaking when he found that the young captain was pale as death.

"Eh? Why—what's the matter? What is it? Are you fainting?" the mate cried, as he stared up and bent over the youth's chair.

"Oh, no. Where—where is he? Tell me—say in a moment," the captain returned, putting his old friend aside with his hand. "Sit down, Jack. Sit down, sir. I am only a little—little faint."

After this Bion bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. He remained so some minutes, and then turned his gaze once more upon the man and found that all this strange excitement.

"Will you not tell me your story, sir?" he whispered.

Howley arose from his seat, but he did not move from it. He stood a moment, as if irresolute, and then sank back again. He gazed wildly into Bion's face, and finally he said—

"I will tell you my simple story, sir. My home was in New Orleans. I had one brother, and upon all the earth he was my only known relative save one nieceor nephew. At the time when I went with me to New Orleans, where we found a sweet home, and where fortune smiled upon us. A child was born to us—a boy—and he became the centre of our hopes and aspirations; the object of our love and pride; and the pet of all our household.

"At length it became necessary that I should go to the East Indies. I went more to accommodate a man who had been more than a father to me, than for any business of my own. I had put it off from month to month, and even from year to year; but at length I had to go. I settled up my business in New Orleans, and placed my property all in my wife's hands to trust for our boy. She was not versed in affairs, and she said she would go North when the summer time came, if her physician advised it. I left her—I left my child—I sailed from home in April—and—you have heard the rest.

"For over sixteen long, weary years I have been a captive in the land of a half-savage people, and during that time I have suffered such anguish as no mortal tongue can tell. I had a picture of my wife, but it was in a golden locket, and the savages took it from me. I asked them to give me back the ivory picture, but they would not even do that. Oh! that was the hardest blow of all!"

The poor man stopped here, and covered his face with his hands. Bion gazed upon him with an expression of deep, startling emotion, and his whole frame quivered.

At length he Howley looked up again, and having gazed first upon Bion, and then upon Jack, he whispered—

"Have we been often in New York; perhaps you have heard of my wife—Belinda Howley. I think she must have gone there."

At this moment Bion started up from his seat. He opened his vest, removed his neck-kerchief, and, having loosed the bosom of his shirt, he took from his neck the golden locket he had on, drew open with his fingers, and handed it to the sorrowing man.

"Open that, sir," he said, "and see if you recognize the original."

Howley took it with a trembling hand, and opened back the spring. The locket flew open, and his eyes rested upon a female face as beautiful as the stars of even. His gaze did not remain on it any broke from his lips—"Belinda!" he uttered—and then, while his frame shook, and the big tears burst from his eyes, he pressed the golden talisman to his bosom and bowed his head.

Bion had remained by the man's side, and when he at length raised his head, the young captain laid his hand upon it.

"What was she to you?"

"What was she? Oh! Belinda! Belinda! My wife! my wife! My own, my own, worshiped wife!"

"Hooray!" shouted old Jack, leaping to his feet, unable longer to restrain himself. "Hide't I know it from the first! Didn't I know, when he told about New Orleans, and told what his name was, how it all stood! Hooray for Howley! He's par lie-ther, me boy! He's par father!"

"*Par father!*" echoed Bion Howley, rising to his feet and gazing Bion in the face. "Oh! in the name of Heaven I conjure you—are you deceiving me now! Where did you get this locket, sir?"

"My dying mother placed it about my neck, sir, and bade me preserve it."

"*Dying! Dead!*" groaned the stricken man. And as the words passed from his lips, he placed his arms about Bion's neck, and rested his head upon his shoulder.

"The moment I saw you my heart yearned to you, and I could not understand why I was led on to hope and love," the father murmured, as he held the youth off and gazed into his face.

"I am your son, sir!" Bion at length returned our hero. "But that my father could be here did not enter my mind."

But that was not the moment for explanations. As yet neither of the three men could fully realize the astounding truth that had burst upon them. The former gazed first upon the pictured face of his dead wife, and then upon the living features of the other picture in the locket.

"Father!"

"Son!"

There were words spoken in that cabin which the reader can well imagine. It was a long while that the father and son could control their joy. A few words were sure to be followed by a burst of tears, and again and again they gazed upon each other's arms. The truth was finally realized that Bion was lost alified—and these two hearts became united as fondly as ever they had been when separated. As Bion now gazed upon his parent, he wondered how he could have had any doubts upon his at first; and the father, as he dwelt upon the handsome features of his son, felt that he could have been indeed blind that he did not recognize the almost exact counterpart of the sweet face of his sainted wife.

"But how is it that you bearing a strange name?" asked the father, after the first burst was calm and subdued.

"Why, I was quite a story, my dear father," the youth returned, still gazing fondly into his sweet-looking face. "Can the evil spirit has been at work since you went away?"

"An evil spirit?"

"Yes, sir. But listen: I will tell you my story, and then you can judge for yourself."

Bion looked into the beaming face, "and when you have finished I can tell something that will throw new light upon the subject. But go on, *Captain.*"

Bion commenced and told his story. He told of his early remembrances of his mother—of the recollected childhood—of the black faces—of his mother's death—of his being taken away from the locket—and then of her death. Then he told how dim and indistinct was the memory of his father—how his mother to the hovel of Margery Grull. He remembered of being carried there and left, and he thought that Christopher Howley was his father. But this period his narrative was distinct and connected. He told of the strange imposture by which his father was poor, and had died—killed by lightning. He told how he was confined in a Mexican prison. Then he told of being sent to sea—of gaining Jack's love and friendship, and how he had always looked upon him as a father. And then he closed by telling what he was.

"Now," interrupted Jack, at this point. "It's you have made me; what I am. Because of that I'm proud of you. Now, go on, Bion, with the rest."

"My father," resumed Bion, in a deep, grateful tone, "died. I was left to my own devices, a little boy of twelve years, I had no friend in the world save Jack, for my mother was dead. Then Jack's vessel sprang, and sailed him if he would not go with him. He went, and I was left to myself. From that hour to the we have not been separated from each other but once, over a few hours, and that was when I was confined in a Mexican prison."

"And who saved me then?" cried Jack. "Who risked his own life for mine then, I'd like to ask sir?"

"It was I, Jack; but you know my own life depended as much upon your salvation as did yours. However—to end—that is not the point. I may give me as much credit as you please, only let me have the credit of saving you. Well, I remained—this man has been my constant and true friend; and though our fortunes have helped me—though Captain Fuller has treated me like an own son—I am not and cannot indeed friend has done most of all. But for him I should not now be the commander of a noble ship."

"Aye—and one of the best commanders that ever walked a quarter-deck!" added Jack, solemnly.

"I can swear to that," interposed Fourbier; "for I know that the man who brought this ship in perfect safety through the terrific storm that prevailed over cruising into our harbor must have been a good a commander as any ship can need."

Bion blushed, but not at his fulsome praise. He knew that these encomiums were not only sincere, but

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that they came from men who were amply qualified to judge of the facts. But he was not the only one who felt proud. He saw the grateful tear in his father's eye, and he knew that he, too, felt proud and happy.

But the conversation soon turned back upon the subject which had been left. Mr. Huntley was so touched at his brother's villainy; for that Christopher had done the work he could not doubt. As soon as Elsie had concluded he said, with deep feeling:—

"Oh! I could not have believed Christopher capable of doing that. And yet I know he was not always quite honest. In fact, his honesty was not a rule of his life. But he did nothing to harm your mother. She did not know that wrong was being done or meditated?"

"No—she could not have known it, for I can remember that she told me my father could never be rich. I remember that. But tell me—did you name me there?"

"Yes, my son. That is your true Christian name—the one your mother selected for you, and to which I readily agreed. It was the name of a beloved brother of hers who died some three years before I knew her. Probably they did not dare to attempt a change in that name. It was so familiar—so much a part of yourself—that they feared the attempt to change it would serve to prevent the accomplishment of their purpose. Oh! Christopher! It must have been he!"

"I told ye I had something," said Jack, starting up from his seat and going for his bundle. When he returned he bore in his hand a sealed package.

"There," he uttered, as he sat down again, "I've got something here which Captain Fowler gave me. He would have given it to you before Him, only you were very young when he first turned it, and he feared, if he kept it so long as that, that you would be led into a sea with your uncle, which you would be sure to come out the worst. Your uncle had the money, the influence, the power; and he had the wickedness to do anything. Why, he tried to get you into his power the first time you landed in New York, after coming home in the ship. He got Captain Fowler Puffer into you east of the ship. He even swore that you were dishonest, and would not be able to shipboard. But Puffer knew him a little too well."

"Is it possible?" cried the youth, as his breast swelled, and his dark eye flashed.

"Yes," resumed Jack. "But read this."

Elsie took the paper and broke the seal. It was a plain, simple statement of the facts which Captain Puffer had gathered concerning Christopher's relations with Christopher Huntley. First, he stated what Margery had told him; and then related under the sanctions which had transpired on the uncle's visit to the ship. After this he went on to tell how he had learned from Mary Goodwin about Christopher's visit to Mrs. Huntley. By this it appeared that Christopher Huntley had been appointed sole guardian of Belinda Huntley's child—that he had brought all the property to New York—that he had removed the child from the country—that she had been with the mother—and finally, that he had given out to the world that the child had sickened and died, and was then growing proud and aristocratic upon the wealth which wrongfully obtained.

It was all as plain as the noonday sun now. Not a link was wanting to connect the guilt and the guilty.

"I am glad I did not know of this," said Elsie, after he had pondered a while.

"Aye," responded Jack. "We looked at it in this light—You were young—too young to commence a suit at law to your uncle's wealth—you had not have proved anything; and ten chances to one if he wouldn't have proved you an impostor."

"I see—I see!" said Elsie. "I see it all. But we can overhaul him now. We can search out evidence."

"We can easily gain our rights," added the father; "and that is all we can do. And in the meantime, although it will be a sore trial, I'll be content enough, so he will but leave his wronged brother and that brother's child together. Alas! I did not think he could be so wicked!"

The matter was talked over and over again, and understood it, and then Jack took his father on deck. The sun were sailed all day, and it was not until the supper hour, which was then.

When Elsie was only four years old her father went to sea. The wreck of his ship was found on the Chinese sea, and he was supposed to be dead. But now, after a lapse of seventeen years, the father is found in the person of the mild, generous, looking man who stands by his son.

Jack told this, and when the enthusiastic cheering and warm congratulations had subsided, Jack continued by relating the captures he had made on the subsequent servitude.

It was a happy scene upon that deck; and when all was quiet again Fowler turned to his old companion in suffering and said:—

"I never saw quite such a picture of a model ship and model crew before. I have been in many ships, and sailed with many crews, but I never before saw such perfect love for their commander to the heart of every man on his boy. By the powers, Huntley, had you been found a noble son?"

"Noble?" repeated the captain. "Say to me, Jack. As sure as I now live, this repays me for all I have endured!"

And yet there was one sad thought amid the many that thronged the father's mind. He grieved, lovely wife was dead. He felt that he had long known that it must be so; he had felt inwardly certain that she could not survive the cruel and sudden blow of her bereavement. He had felt that he had a wife in Heaven; and yet the coming of the child and intelligence had swept away the deep melancholy upon which he had long tried to found a hope.

But Gideon Huntley did not mourn as one mourneth bereaved. He turned his thoughts Heavenward with a calm and holy resignation, and while he felt a sore grief, he was not mourning where his beloved with was, his heart was filled to overflowing with the pure joy which springs from the presence of his worthy and beloved son.

Gladness was lavished in all the other ports were visited in proper season; and finally the ship's head once more was turned towards home.

Ah—little dreamed Christopher Huntley what a consignment the old ship was bringing for him!

CHAPTER XLV.

RETRIBUTION.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in mid-summer when the ship Good News came into New York harbor with a distinctive mourning pennant hanging at her side. At her wheel she was at her post, and as Louis Fowler and Gideon Huntley joined their feet upon the soil of their native land their glad hearts bounded with gratitude, and their thanksgiving was deep and fervent.

"Once more I come more at home!" whispered Fowler, watching forth both his hands.

"Aye," returned Huntley, taking them in his own, "once more free and hopeful. God be praised!"

Capt. Fowler left the ship at once to look up old friends; but he first promised that he would not speak of his companion's return.

At three o'clock Elsie had made arrangements so that he could leave, though Jack had to remain. He and his father started up into the city, their first object being to visit the place where Christopher Huntley had buried his children. They called at the office where the records of the interments were kept, and there found where the merchant's burial place was. They then took a coach and ere long were landed at the entrance of the yard.

They had walked a short distance among the rows of graves, searching for the spot, when they saw an old man with a spade in his hand, digging by a white slab.

"He knows, of course," said Elsie; and toward him they bent their steps.

The sexton looked up here, and the white locks streamed over his shoulders, looking like a line of silver in the sunlight. His features were rolled up—one brownd hand clasped the well-worn spade, while with the other he wiped the sweat from his polished brow.

"Can you tell me where Christopher Huntley's place of burial is?" asked Elsie.

"Christopher Huntley?" repeated the old man, looking up with peculiar emphasis. "This is his place, gentlemen."

"Indeed!"

"Aye—this. Here are five graves already full. I made two of them sixteen years ago, and into three I put a pale mother and her babes. Four year and ten months old. Three brother and sister have been made since, and they, too, are children. There is a curious fatality here, sirs. They all died at the age of four years and ten months.

"All!" repeated Elsie, half to himself.

"All," said the sexton.

"But what is this? What is this new grave for?" asked Gideon, coming to the narrow place which the sexton had just completed.

"This is for Christopher Huntley's wife, sir, who, poor soul! she has been failing away for many years. I knew her, sir, when she first became a bride. She was the prettiest, the purest or fairest maiden. But she has faded away, very soon after the death of her child, and I buried her by the side of her children! The next must be Christopher Huntley himself."

"But there is one grave covered with flowers—how is that? Why should that bloom and blossom when all around is so desolate?"

"Ah! answered the old man, "there is another mystery. That is the second grave. It was where I left a nephew of the merchant. How his name came. His father was lost at sea, and his mother, who lies in the first grave, died here in New York. She came from New Orleans, and died of a broken heart. Nor did the boy survive her a great while. A poor woman who only possessed one child, and when the orrib is parched with drought she brings a little cup and waters them from the spring yonder."

"But who is the woman?"

"I don't know, sir. I says the boy used to love her; and as she has no children of her own, she comes here and waters the flowers and keeps the weeds up and cuts them away, and once I did; but the poor woman wept and prayed so that I must have troubled them, she said."

"Do you know where the woman lives?"

"Why, sir, I see her frequently, but I will not tell no one who she is, nor where her home is. But you must see it. I have another grave to make."

"May we not?" spoke Gideon. "Where did Christopher's wife die?"

"Yesterday, at noon, sir."

"And when will she be buried?"

"To-morrow morning."

After the old man was went away to a distant part of the yard and the father and son examined the graves in which each had at the head of the grave. Upon the first was the name:

"MRS. HUNTLEY."

"There is others I am supposed to lie," said our hero, thoughtfully. "Oh, I wish we could gain some direct proof!"

"Let him be dust of proof," returned the father. "Your presence is enough."

"Aye—I know. But if we could unmask his villainy, as it came from his hands, we might be saved trouble."

"Never mind. We shall see him. And yet, I must say, that here is something curious about this grave. Why should the old man have buried here?"

Elsie was upon the point of replying, when his father's eye rested upon the white stone of the first grave. It bore the name:

"BELINDA HUNTLEY."

And then it stated that she was the 4 Widow of the late Gideon Huntley, of this city.

The widower moved forward, and knelt upon the grave, and his son knelt beside him. They folded their hands, and the living parent lifted his eyes and prayed simply and earnestly. It was not the prayer of a mere mourner for the dead, but the offering of a calm and trusting spirit in behalf of one who had gone before, and who was a dweller in another and a better sphere.

Both the father and the child felt better after that prayer. A sweet, holy influence had come upon them, and as they grasped each other by the hand after rising from the grave, they felt that God did for the brief season of communion thus afforded. They felt that from the mound of earth each about which his prayers had been clustering, and with a happier resignation than before, they left the place of their dead.

They turned from the grave they were shortly startled upon seeing an old woman standing near them. She seemed frightened at first, and would have turned away, but not Elsie spoken. She was past the middle age of life; somewhat bent in form; poorly clad; with a cloth on her head, and the silvered hair floating over her shoulders.

"Fear not, my good woman," the youth said, seized with a tender hope that he might be near to those he sought.

As she turned her face towards him he thought he had seen her before. There was something familiar in the melancholy countenance, and as she went in the soft light of the dark blue eyes. He moved nearer to her, and said:

"I hope I need not fear you, before, ma'am?"

"You, sir?" she returned, gazing into his face.

"Yes. Your countenance is familiar."

"If I know your name I might tell you."

"My name when I saw you was Elsie Bernard."

"Elsie Bernard! Oh—thank God! I have found you!" ejaculated the woman, quickly and fervently. "You came to my home with an old sailor, and saw poor Barney Driscoll die?"

"Oh—Mrs. Barnes?"

"Yes, sir—that's my name."

"And why are you here?"

"I come to visit this grave, sir."

"Ha! you are the woman then. It is you who have planted these flowers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why have you done it? Will you not tell me?"

The woman pondered a few moments, and then she said:—

"Yes, sir,—I will tell you all. I hunted for you once—when Barney was dead—after you had been to my house—I searched for you, and meant to tell you then. But I could not find you. I came on the grave, and the sexton told me of the yard, too, sir."

For a few seconds Elsie was too much overcome by this sudden intelligence to speak. But at length he composed himself, and then said:—

"Do you know this?"

"As well as I know anything, sir. I saw it all with my own eyes. But you—how came you here, sir? I was about to ask you question:—Are you not the one whom the world thinks to be lying dead?"

"I am."

"Then I will tell you all I can, sir; for I know that I have been made the instrument for helping to wrong you. It will be sixteen years, coming the first of March of this year, since Barney died, and the doctor knew he could not live, a lawyer, sir, and what's more, came to me and asked me if the body of my boy to bury under another name. I would keep from my house there. When the boy was dead he came again; and this time I listened more patiently. He told me that if I would let him bury a pale, sickly child under the name of Bernard, and give no sounding headstone besides, that I should have been made sure, both of my own children. There is a curious fatality here, sirs. They all died at the age of four years and ten months.

"All!" repeated Elsie, half to himself.

"All," said the woman.

"But what is this? What is this new grave for?" asked Gideon, coming to the narrow place which the sexton had just completed.

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"Oh—Mrs. Barnes?"

"Yes, sir—that's my name."

"And why are you here?"

"I come to visit this grave, sir."

"Well," returned the doctor, "since you are honorable and above board, I will be the same. A miserable shark of a lawyer found me hard up—hard-and-fast ashore—for money. I had been wild and reckless, and he came upon me at a time when gold might have lifted me to do something more. He told me what I was to do, and I agreed to do it. I prepared a simple cerstie for you, which was given to you by Christopher Huntley. You became sick in consequence, and I was sent for. I went, and found you suffering a slight nausea from the effects of your uncle's drink. I contrived to keep you sick some days. At length I became alarmed, and was always by you. I saw you were while I sat by your bedside, you talked so kindly and affectionately to me, that I was wholly overcome. I went to Mr. Huntley, and told him that the boy should not be kept sick longer.

"I don't tell you this in order to smooth over my own share in the work, but it was so. When I found you were the adopted son of my friend's nephew no more weakening drugs, he concluded to carry up his work. Two nights girls, who had lived in the family, died, and lived with the boy's mother, were got out of the way——"

"Ha! murdered by their enemy!" cried Gideon.

"Yes, sir. *Lady* and *Lucy*. I think the names were."

"Ah! that's it!" cried Elsie. "I remember the names."

"They were my girls," added the father; "and my wife's favorites."

"Well," resumed the doctor, "the girls were got out of the way, and then the boy was taken away. And the body of a boy that died near the Five Points was brought in and buried under my little patient's name. I have seen Christopher Huntley since, and he has met me in the street. But even then I never recognized Elsie. Now, sir, I know of nothing more."

"Yes, sir," answered our hero, "I think I would. But you, sir, and Somerton, cheerfully—"Christopher Huntley deceived me. I was made sick—that is the way to be accounted for—by his own good; and hence I consider that my promise to him was made void—because no one has a right to do anything else than gladly and falsehood and deception."

The father and son were gaining light, surely!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

It is a fault, says Plutarch, which very much deserves to be condemned in parents, to think themselves privileged to chide and find fault with and bring over their children as soon as they are put into the hands of masters, and not to follow their conduct by being certified by their own eyesand care of the faults which are committed by them. Besides this, it ill becomes a father in a matter of this importance, wherein he is so nearly concerned, blindly to rely upon the integrity of strangers; for it is certain that a father's care to inform himself from time to time, and take an account of the boy's application and behavior, may at the same time make him more diligent and more exact and circumspect in the discharge of their several duties.

Cicero, the philosopher, when he was in the discharged, it is seldom that parents discharge it. They hardly ever concern themselves about the behavior of their children when they are grown up, and have left school; and most of them show such a supine indifference and neglect in this matter as to be imagined. Many cause themselves undeservedly to be reputed of business and ungrateful; as if the education of their children were not the most important of all, or the character of a father were either to be of negligence, aimless or unconcerned.

Cicero, the philosopher, wished to be on the most familiar terms with his son, that he might be ever about in the inhabitant. "O, senseless presumption! Fathers who are go to think only of their children's riches, and absolutely to neglect the education of their children, for whom you pretend to amass them!"

Parents pay sometimes very dear for their negligence, and sometimes when nothing they have is grief to see their children abandoned to every kind of vice and debauchery, disgrace them in a thousand ways, and frequently squander away more money in one year, on the gratification of their headstrong appetites, than would suffice to set up by giving them a good and virtuous education.

FATAL MISTAKES BY PARENTS.

When children are at home for the holidays, is there not every disposition to spoil them? Even with the tempting remark, "that they cannot have their own time and liberty at school," are they not indulged in irregular hours for the same end? Has the seeds of idleness, enmeshly and sloth, are they not encouraged, by exempting the young child at home into a season of intemperance, late hours, and consequent irregularity? Are not children are habituated, at an age when lasting impressions are made in the mind, to connect the idea of study with that of hardship, of happiness with plotting, and of pleasure with loitering. Would it not be wise in parents to endeavor to make them combine the delightful idea of home with that of instruction and affection, by the fondness of maternal love, the kindness, and warmth, and confidence, of the sweet domestic affections?

FOOLISH WISHES IN CHILDREN.

Parents should not excite foolish wishes in the minds of their children, nor try to be gratified at certain periods of their existence, or tell them that they shall have such and such indulgences when they arrive at a certain age, because these fancies diminish the real happiness of life; those who are in the constant expectation never enjoy the present; the habit of expectation is dangerous in every way to the young mind, and tends to destroy exertion. Young men, who sixty acquire this habit, find existence insipid to them without the excitement of hope; they are always looking for what the object is they must have something bright in a path, a bad hour, or an open dancer.

A RELIGIOUS DUTY.

While we are instilling religious principles into the tender mind, it is undoubtedly our duty to take peculiar care that those principles be sound and just; that the religion we teach them be that of the Bible, and not the invention of human error or superstition; that the principles we inculcate be orders be such as we ourselves have well examined, and not the result of our credulity or bigotry; nor the mere hereditary unexamined principles of our ordinary childhood.

WOMAN'S TACT AND SAGACITY.

Woman, with her keener powers of perception, rapidly grasps at a knowledge of a man's character; and, owing to that faculty, soon becomes a skilful and comprehensive judge of his worth. Locke, words, tones, the most trivial things, assist her in forming so estimate, and she is rarely wrong when unbiased by prejudice. In this operation the mind she appears rather to feel that to think. Upon such a fine perceptual subject as the same knowledge of man possessed by woman, the opinion of Rousseau—that the perception of good and evil, of sublimity and littleness, of prostration and simplicity—are nearly always in her—is very valuable to the inquirer into the mysteries of human nature. "Woman," says he, "who is feeble, and who soon nothing without, appreciates and judges the powers she can bring into action, to compensate for her weakness; and these powers are the passions of men. Her mechanics are far more powerful than ours; all her levers tend to shake the human heart. All that her sex can do for itself, which is necessary for servable to it, it must have the art to make us desire. It is necessary for her, then, to study profoundly the mind of men—not abstractedly the mind of men in general, but the minds of the men who are around her—the minds of the men to whom she is subjected, either by law or opinion. It is necessary that she should learn to penetrate their sentiments by their conversation, actions, looks and gestures; it is necessary that by her actions, looks and gestures she know how to give them the sentiments which she wishes to create according to think of it. They will philosophize better than we, perhaps, but they will philosophize better than they themselves do upon any subject that is related, penetration, fine observation, are the sciences of women; ability is almost entirely confined to their talent."

Another notable woman, Mme. de D'Epinlos, thus alludes to this circumstance: "Let us be just:—For our mother, they say, she, "we study your inclinations, your characters, your passions, and we have skilled learn to grave what is passing in the center of your souls, to read your looks, your gestures, the tone of your voice. Your sentiments are expressed to us by a language that is unknown to you ourselves, and a language that betrays to your success."

The superiority of the inclusive faculties in woman is why few commentators have been disposed to by than to man—why, in the life of the latter, it is so difficult for an opinion to be formed of his mental term; and why, when young, she finding him to be the boy was to be accounted for by his head and children; in old age, when she can no longer be deceived by the hypocrisy which has imposed upon her, and finds one love by another, without ever being entirely cured of it. From this it will be seen that the world is filled with the natural power and necessity for studying man, and becoming acquainted with the details of his character.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Home is the sphere of woman's influence—the temple of which she is the priestess—the care of human nature, and the fervor inspired by the beautiful objects of her love, are the true and appropriate to the cheerful performance of her allotted duties. The sphere of woman where; like the sun, she is surrounded by all that is calculated to make life flow on to a placid end, sparkle and happy. It is her hope, her joy, her all, to see those in whom she lives the objects of existence. To her is given the answer to be the pathetic question:

"Oh me, on what holy ground
Is blossom'd most sweet and fair?"

And her sweet reply is—

"It springs beneath the cheerful,
Listening to the bulbul's lay."

This noble feeling, by which love and honor, at her command, are blended like sunbeams in a cloudless sky, is one which cannot be joined too closely to the other man's heart. Let her stand and fall together, so should they learn that their happiness depends on their mutual regard, their esteem and value alike. But the charge of home is more especially committed to the keeping of woman; and the most important and sacred capacity as a wife depends the happiness of her husband. It is to her, then, that is commanded, in the household it is permitted to her to be a bright planet, whose mild, pure, clear and large satellite moves, to the music of that divine harmony which constitute the most blest fitness of the human heart. Adverse circumstances, or a single step in and stories to darken the scene; but she will still be a woman, and a wife, to whom the with known how to dispense her native goodness, and to whom her husband looks for prosperity or adversity, it is from her.

"Tis home where'er the heart of rejoices flees,
Which only virtue, wisdom and sense knows."

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

Early marriages are encouraged in China. Among the Chinese, as among the Jewish classes, the matrimonial age varies from sixteen to twenty years in males, from twelve to fourteen in females. The consent of parents is required, and the most sufficient money to purchase a wife and defray the expenses of the wedding. The young man is obliged to go the founding hospital in his neighborhood and obtain a girl, that he may take her home and educate her, giving her in marriage to Moses when she grows to be a woman. Such is the custom. The thrift and caution of the national character are thus displayed in the matrimonial affairs. In the first place, the money is saved which must have been expended in the purchase of a wife; in the second, the girl is educated by her mother-in-law, (that is to be), thereby falling into all the old lady's peculiarities of temper; and lastly, if the girl is not good-tempered, industrious, and respectful, it is her misfortune to have been brought up by her parents, she is very quickly sent about her business, and another is substituted. Such cases rarely a wife is sent back to her family for misconduct after her marriage. The parties about to contract marriage are allowed to see each other, but hastily, if the girl is not good-tempered, industrious, and respectful, it is her misfortune to have been brought up by her parents, she is very quickly sent about her business, and another is substituted. Such cases rarely occur. A wife is sent back to her family for misconduct after her marriage. The parties about to contract marriage are allowed to see each other, but hastily, being arranged by their relations, or go betweens, who, in China, are very active in this line. They meet glowing terms, or the reverse, according to the presents which are made to them.

MARRIAGE.

Devotee not thyself by overexpecting happiness in the married estate. Look not therein for contentment greater than it will give, or bear; in a word, for what can resolve, namely: to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill of Olympus, sober, silent, without clouds; no, expect both winds and storms sometimes, which, when there over, the air is the clearer and calmer for it. Make account of certain cares and troubles which will attend them. Remember the mighthelpin, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones. Yet all the inconveniences of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.

LIFE'S REALITIES.

(A Contrast.)

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Within the halls of brightness,
Of splendor, music, and dance,
Where streaming lights are widening
The darkness's dreary trance,
Are poised high-step sleighing,
And the merry, hearty laugh;
While luxuriously seated
Are weaving as the shuttle
Of Fate that stirs with speed
In haunts so rare,
Could but half be painted
The story of their deeds!

The rich have their sleighing,
Have costlier robes to wear
The pleasing form of beauty,
And hearts that know no care;
But, oh! the needy creatures,
Who, stamped with sorrow's seal,
Are feeling all life's pangs
As ten she poor can feel!
Their restless chests complaining
But mortals stamped with woe,
Who, wearied with anguishing,
Are dying as they go.

The rich have happy children,
Who, romping on their floors,
Think not that fifteen hours
Are all the sleep hours deem;
But, oh! the needy parents,
To have a charge to bear;
Who, with a heart o'erflowing,
Clasp'd down with grief and care.
Then, when you see the needy,
Your sorrowful duties weigh,
Be yours the crown of glory
While you have needy ones.

JENNY HART'S DIARY.

BY EMILY COMFORT.

CHAPTER I.

Templeton, July 12th, 18—.

It is perhaps the hardest work I ever do—this sitting still. I have read till my eyes ache, written in this stupid journal till I hate the sight of pen and ink, and I sit and look out of the window, and yawn, and yawn and look out of the window, as my last resort. The moment in the field beyond the house make me fidgety with their long, regular sweeping of scythes, and sighing of tall grass; and when they stop to use the "rifle"—ah, the sound makes me shiver from head to foot. This intolerable dullness will, somehow, end. What is to be done in it? How can one master energy enough to move, much less to go out of doors in this long sun of June?

July 13th.

It is cooler now, and I can sit here at my window and think comfortably. Ha—what is this I see? Two solitary horsemen! Ah, Jennie, you are you? riding down our village street, and sopping at our hotel. Here is a new business for me. One has fair hair—he shall be my hero, and for the one with black locks—Guy, I will make a present of him to Kate Grant, who is my dearest friend. She would make a royal pair. I think I see her dark gray eyes flash scornfully at the bare idea. Poor Kate—matrimony, to her, has been anything but a pleasant theme. These gay horsemen—they have entered the hotel. Nerve mind, I will run over to Grant's, and talk or frolic about the new arrivals, that she will have to give me and hers glances, and then laugh as heartily as I, at my consonance.

July 14th.

Fate seems to favor me. My two horsemen turn out all I could desire. The one with black hair is an Englishman, traveling for pleasure through America—the other, a New York gentleman, who accompanied him through part of Canada. Like two modern Quixotes, they are roaming up and down in search of adventure. But what do they expect to find in this out-of-the-way place, that they are to stop here a month? I cannot imagine. But, one thing I know, and that is, that they shall receive an invitation to that pic-nic and fishing party which is to be held in "The Grove" to-morrow. My cousin Frank shall carry the invitation, and make himself so agreeable, (handsome fellow that he is!) that they cannot choose but accept it. I, Jenny Hart, have said it—and that is sufficient.

Afternoon.

Frank took the invitation, after many persuasions, and a little pouting on my part, and has just returned. "Mr. Arthur Henderson" and "Mr. Edwards" will be most happy to accept the fishing party. But could Frank look them at my delight, and say are we "two good-natured simpletons, especially Mr. Edwards." That is the blackhaired stranger. By the way, I wonder what his first name is, and if it would not have been as polite for him to send it. "Mr. Arthur Henderson," I like the name of Arthur very much, it is so noble. If his mine mutiny, I am determined, and her gypsy hair—she looks her best in them, and I have determined she shall captivate the Edwards. You know! If Kate could really love again, might she not forget the husband who deserted her so cruelly four years ago?

July 15th.

Oh, Robert Burns, you were very right in saying—

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

Such a series of rare purposes as came to plague me yesterday. In the first place, Kate had some talking of by-gone romances with Mr. Edwards, and herself, and with her usual unreliable horror of any match-making, declined to disappoint me. When the carriage stopped for her, she made her appearance in a horrible "log-cabin" sun-bonnet, that flopped down over her eyes, and hid her face entirely. I saw Mr. Edwards give her one glance, and then turn away; and I could have cried with vexation, if I had not seen by the quivering of her handsome lips that she was just on the point of shouting with laughter at the disappointment. There was little mail on our way to the grove, though I heard my second admirer a little when we got there. But when the carriage stopped Kate was in the middle of a group of gentlemen, and in an instant, laughing and talking with every one she met, but evening into a provoking dignity, and drawing that hateful sun-bonnet further over her face, the moment I approached with Mr. Edwards. At last I gave up all attempts at dignity, and then she grew more like herself. When the fishingtackle was produced, she seized upon my cousin Frank, and marched him off to the brook side, leaving me with Mr. Edwards upon my hands. Mr. Henderson was playing the assistant to my sister Lizzie, so I had no fears for him, but what in the world was I to do with that grave, haughty Englishman? We went down to the brook together. Kate and Frank were busy by no—no more that do could not avoid speaking without being positively rude. Mr. Edwards baited my hook with profound gravity, but his eye first fixed decidedly in the water, while he watched Kate sensibly from under his broad-brimmed straw hat. She seemed aware of his scrutiny, grew nervous, narrowed something about his long curls, and pulled up her hook with a great jerk. Then we all stood aghast, for it had flown back and fastened in her hood. She turned a little pale, but said nothing.

"Give me a knife," said Mr. Edwards, through his shut teeth. I handed him mine—a little sharpointed boy-penknife, without speaking a word to her, he took her hand in his. Both started. She looked up at him for the first time, examined the slight wound, said in a moment had cut around the hook, and extracted it.

"Tie up the hand, and keep it from the air, and it will do well enough," he said to me, as I wiped away the blood with my silk pocket handkerchief, and went down the bank to a more convenient spot for fishing. I have not said all of what he did or said, for he sat on the seat with the driver, and never spoke to me, only nodding his head when I got down to help some lady out. When it came Kate's turn, he came beside her, but I was glad she did not touch his hand as the sprang out, and only nodded the great sight to him she spoke to all the others. Oh, dear, I am vexed and unhappy. Why should the two, of all others, that I had hoped were made for love and happiness, take such an irreconcilable dislike to each other?

July 16th.

I have been with Kate this morning. I went over there to give her a good scolding for her behavior of yesterday. She heard me through very quietly, and then said—

"My dear Jenny, let me tell you one thing. You may as well set your heart at rest about Mr. Edwards. He is very pretty—grieve over my pain, and when he touched my hand yesterday——"

"You did not like it," I said, quickly.

"Yes," and her proud face grew still prouder. "It was like stabbing me with a dagger wound, Jenny."

"But why?" I asked, curiously.

She looked at me a moment gravely and stoically.

"Jenny, in some inexplicable way he reminds me of my husband."

"Ha!—Heaven send you still his hair was light!" I answered, wonderingly.

"So it was,—yet—never mind, Jenny."

At any other time I might have pressed for this subject had scarcely ever been broached between the friend. She would make a royal pair. I think I see her dark gray eyes flash scornfully at the bare idea. Poor Kate—matrimony, to her, has been anything but a pleasant theme. These gay horsemen—they have entered the hotel. Nerve mind, I will run over to Grant's, and talk or frolic about the new arrivals, that she will have to give me and hers glances, and then laugh as heartily as I, at my consonance.

July 14th.

Fate seems to favor me. My two horsemen turn out all I could desire. The one with black hair is an Englishman, traveling for pleasure through America—the other, a New York gentleman, who accompanied him through part of Canada. Like two modern Quixotes, they are roaming up and down in search of adventure. But what do they expect to find in this out-of-the-way place, that they are to stop here a month? I cannot imagine. But, one thing I know, and that is, that they shall receive an invitation to that pic-nic and fishing party which is to be held in "The Grove" to-morrow. My cousin Frank shall carry the invitation, and make himself so agreeable, (handsome fellow that he is!) that they cannot choose but accept it. I, Jenny Hart, have said it—and that is sufficient.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE CHANGE.

A NEW POEM BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

[From "*City Poems*," in press by Ticknor & Fields.]

"Oh I never, never can I call
Another morning to my day,
And view through chasm to chasm I fall
From afternoon to evening gray?
Behold the sunset, how it burns!
And so I when I entered, found,
For day was gone,—a succubus-arrest
Its vampire embrace to my breast.

By passion's gaudy castle-lights,
I sat and watched the world's brave pair;
Hours not,—for hours are shapes that sight
Locked in the reset light of day!
I saw the world, and all its wealth,
Its beauteous laws, its law of gain,
Also I each crime of dim and dark
Lived in a dark corner of itself:

I saw the amber and rose release
Of cherish lustre; I heard the cry
Of wasteland people in the distance
Before each classed and scattered lie,
Like sheep that wait for the fold;
Of human loss; a toll of time
Wherever I no my lonely wing,
And fortune of misfortune.

But Nature is revenged on them
Who turn from her to lonely days;
Contempt, like those who spend their years
Amongst the dead, is on their ways;
The dust and their gown dashed round
That girt my haunts encumbered me;
Or some long-wended hill-trail rose
Upon a gazing eye-scope.

And students ever round us lie,
The hair brown and red of thought;
And Passion shuts her glorious eyes
At one cold glance and nods to night;
And Nature cannot bear an hour
She smiles to vacation, then to ruin,
The moon brushed her brow above.
Can man the world's immortal pair,
The sun forever basks sublime,
Waved round by Orient's fan of fire,
Obedient as the spherial wires,
Across the world the seasons dance;
The flaming elements to-to' bound
Their iron bonds, their laws are more
The sea can drown a thousand ark,
Yet remain the pebble on the shore.

I looked with pride on what I'd done,
I counted oceans o'er, and more,
In presence of the burning sun,
Which drinks me like a drop of dew!
A lofty scorn I dared to shed
On human passions, hope, and fear,
I—scanning on the countless dead,
And piled by the countless years.

But mine is now a humbled heart,
My happy pride is sunk and gone;
No more I rest to stand apart,
A member of the rolling race,
Impressed in this watery zone;
I refused energy, it forced it forth,
Enough to silence the lust of time,
Enough to hide the eyes of death.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY CLARA STUART.

CHAPTER I.

Hector and Camille Ingersol were the children of a wealthy English gentleman. They were born, and, until they were nearly twelve years old, they lived in the midst of luxury; were waited on by servants, and tenderly cared for by the kindest and best of mothers.

Mrs. Ingersol was never strong. For some years her health had been declining; and, at last, in the dark and sad month of November, while the sky was grim with clouds and the winter winds howled dismally around, she died.

Hard and left a home most desolate; for she had been the idol of her husband's heart, and all to all to her dear children.

Ingersol said that with the life of his beloved Harriet all his great fortune departed; and it seemed to be so; for from that time he hastily widowed her grave when there came a fatal revulsion in his business affairs; and in a surprisingly short time the poor little children were penniless orphans. Their father's strength and courage had failed him in the time of worst need. And he who had ever been the most cheerful and light-hearted of men, who had laughed at forebodings, and made merry at the idea of there being a dark side of life, died brokenhearted.

Where does were the friends of Ingersol? Of course there were plenty ready to bow forward and adopt the "sweet children" of the friends of whom they thought so much; in whose elegant and luxurious dwellings they had passed so many pleasant hours.

The terrified young orphans were surrounded by those who had known and petted them all their lives. Many of them people that the children never imprisoned Mr. and Mrs. Ingersol to pass them out of their children. *Now*, poor little things! they will be glad to find them alive and well under their care. *Now* happy to have been born in the circle of "the best society." For these it was certainly to be well provided for, even though their parents have failed them.

The brother and sister talked, amid their tears, of where they should go to live.

"We have Hector and each other," said Hector; "and everybody is so kind to us that it will not matter. We will go and live like grown-up with some of the pretty ladies that loved mamma so much. Which one shall it be? Do you want to go together, you know."

These children had tasted of the bitterness which best cannot; now they were to know of the still bitter cup of life. There was no section in their beautiful home; everything was pleasant and balmy.

"I do not want my father's things all carried off," cried Hector. "They are my father's things, and this is my house. I wonder how people can dare to behave so in it. I will see them all."

A loud laugh from the adjacent room was the first response to the indignant remonstrance of the little boy; and then one of "the pretty ladies" who thought so much of dear mamma" said to him:—

"Hector, your papa died insolvent, and his creditors are trying to get their pay by selling his things. You must not make such a noise!"

"I don't know what insolvent means,—but my papa was a good man; and I wish people would let his things alone and get right out of this house. If I had a gun I would shoot them—I would—and I mean to make just as much noise as ever I like."

When at length Hector was made to understand that neither he nor his sister had a right to anything his parents had left, he went weeping and sobbing in regard to her the distressing story.

"And we can't go to live anywhere, Milly; nobody speaks to us as they did when father and mother were alive. I don't believe there is a single person in the world who will take any care of us. They are taking away things out of the house; and a great ugly man, with a long black beard, has brought the house, and says we must be taken out of it. Who is to take us? Where are we to go? Oh! papa! mamma! why did you die?"

"Let us tie up some things in a bundle and run away," cried Milly.

The child supposed that all her mother's clothes, and perhaps all her brother's and her own, would be taken by the remorseless beings who seemed to her like robbers ranging through the house.

They hastily tied up what they thought they should need, and running down the back stairs of the house, got into the great, shady garden in the rear of their beautiful home—theirs no more; and away they went, out into the bewildering streets of the city.

We must not stop to follow minutely the steps of these young wanderers. They were soon objected of all they had that was worth taking; they worked at little errands in various places, hearing anything rather than part, until at last, when they were in their fifteenth year, they were taking day-labor of any kind to earn for themselves the means of procuring a little home somewhere in the country. This was their air castle, and a very great deal of comfort did they take in it. Hector went to an old bookseller and entered a factory. She sewed her dear brother sadly shirts. And she cried herself to sleep think-ing of him.

She prayed fervently to God that He would make both herself and her beloved Hector good and pious, just as they ought to be to be dear to Him; and she also prayed, with many, many sobs, that Hector might be protected in his wanderings over the dangerous sea, and be brought safely and happily back to her.

If the prayers of friendless orphans are not heard on high, who shall look upward with any hope of pity?

Mortals are not heard because of their goodness, but because of their *need*; and the needs of all such as Camillejs great.

God *did* hear her, and her brother was protected both in storm and calm, and was restored to her filled with reverent love for its Creator. It was well with the lad.

CHAPTER II.

Camilla was now sixteen years old, and very beautiful. She was beset on all sides by temptation, but she walked steadily on, never once losing the right hand nor to the left.

But now health began to fail, and her spirit and hopes to sink. She had not heartbroken her brother in many months. He took grew sweet-voiced, and the days seemed very long.

In a sad and heavy manner a whole year passed. Camille had grown still her failings to engage for her doctor's bill, but she was no better. Her strength was so nearly gone that it was with difficulty that she could walk to and fro in the mill in which she worked. She understood perfectly well that there was no other way for her than to work on until she fell to die—yes, there was another way—she could starve to death, and so be free from with patient but distressed watchfulness and waiting, did she observe from time to time the progress of the hideous and most considerate of men to the grave. Yet she had no strength to struggle for the cold ingratitude towards him. He was a man who stood beside her when she grew too faint to work, who watched her from day to day as she sat at her work to visit, and who talked, and reasoned, and plead with her to give up her struggle for existence and to continue her labors. He wanted her to rest awhile and allow him to supply her with the means of doing so. He wanted to be to ride out with him and breathe country air: he wanted her to let him take her to a more quiet part of the city, where some she could remain and be well taken care of until her recovery. But the unreasonable girl would not do nothing that he desired. She did have to ride out with him, and to breathe the air that was very well avoid, for when it stormed he always came and took a carriage full of the girls home. He was one of the best men in the world, and handsome, too, and a great favorite among the girls in the mill. He knew he was nearly forty years old, and his hair was beginning to turn gray; but he was very much admired by the girls, as I am pleased. When Camille one night absurdly declined to ride home, he only took her in his arms and carried her to a more quiet part of the street than of the girls. Camille never resented such liberties as she might have gradually come to grow up with some of the pretty ladies that loved mamma so much. Which one shall it be? Let me must go together, you know."

These children had tasted of the bitterness which best cannot; now they were to know of the still bitter cup of life. There was no section in their beautiful home; everything was pleasant and balmy.

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When at length Hector was made to understand that neither he nor his sister had a right to anything his parents had left, he went weeping and sobbing to impart to her the distressing story.

"And we can't go to live anywhere, Milly; nobody speaks to us as they did when father and mother were alive. I don't believe there is a single person in the world who will take any care of us. They are taking away things out of the house; and a great ugly man, with a long black beard, has brought the house, and says we must be taken out of it. Who is to take us? Where are we to go? Oh! papa! mamma! why did you die?"

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pain you, whose company gives comfort and pleasure to you? What is the use of dying when you may live and be well and happy? Who ever will know or care for what you do? What and whom do you live for?" Milly pushed him feebly from her, and said, "My brother will care, and *God* loves me. His eye is on me now—Oh! don't talk to me any more—take me home. If it were not for Hector I would wish that I were already dead."

You shall not talk so nor feel so, Milly; nay, child, you are not afraid to kiss me so."

And Milly allowed him to take her in his arms and to kiss her many times before he left her at her door. But she was crying bitterly when he led her up the steps of her boarding-house. His wicked heart felt happy in the thought that it would not be long now before Milly would consent to go with him. He had made no objection when he told her that he would call in his carriage for her the next morning to take an early ride.

Milly trembled with joy as she heard him hardly stand. Strong supported her until the door was opened by the girl.

"There is some one in the parlor waiting for you, Miss Ingersol," said the girl who opened the door.

"For me?" cried Milly in great surprise. Mr. Strong dropped, and Milly, strengthened by curiosity, ran to her room to bathe her face and smooth her hair before meeting the stranger.

CHAPTER III.

We must now return to Hector. He had some singular adventures which cannot here be related, but eventually a yearly pretty handy, he at length got a "berth," as the sailors say, in which he was well treated and very much liked. He took a great many letters to his sister, and mailed them wherever he could get a chance. Many of these, and many of the letters which his sister always sent where he directed her to; and when the vessel entered the port at which Hector expected that a letter from his sister awaited him, he was so nervous and excited as to which he had to get leave to go on shore and see if he could find it. If the letter was there he could have it; if not, he could not stay, and he could hardly speak to say one for several days. The sailors used to laugh at him, and say he was in love somewhere; and then when he said it was only a sister he had expected to hear from, that they laughed the more. Then he would always say to them in these words:—

"My sister is the only girl I know in all the world that I care for, or that cares for either," was his rusty and sincere reply.

When the letter was there, what a happy lad was Hector! He would go to his berth, and, all unnoticed his contents; then, when he got back to land with her he gave up his employment, and began to continue her labors. He wanted her to rest awhile and allow him to supply her with the means of doing so. He wanted her to ride out with him and breathe country air: he wanted her to let him take her to a more quiet part of the city, where some she could remain and be well taken care of until her recovery. But the unreasonable girl would not do nothing that he desired. She did have to ride out with him, and to breathe the air that was very well avoid, for when it stormed he always came and took a carriage full of the girls home. He was one of the best men in the world, and handsome, too, and a great favorite among the girls in the mill. He knew he was nearly forty years old, and his hair was beginning to turn gray; but he was very much admired by the girls, as I am pleased. When Camille one night absurdly declined to ride home, he only took her in his arms and carried her to a more quiet part of the street than of the girls. Camille never resented such liberties as she might have gradually come to grow up with some of the pretty ladies that loved mamma so much. Which one shall it be? Let me must go together, you know."

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ARAMA W.—Your reversed friend did not give the correction correctly. It does not read, "The man that hath no music in his soul." This substituted passage occurs in act V., scene I., of "The Merchant of Venice," and is spoken by Lorenzo to Jessica, old Shylock's daughter. The entire passage is full of sweet musical beauty, and runs thus:—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

JOSHUA.—I am sorry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO.—The reason is, your spirits are attentive.

For he that dotes not with delight when hears
Or runs of trumpet and untuneful cries,
May well be stratagems, and spoils, and treasons.
Which is the best mood of this little world?
Is not so much nor treasonable.

HEY AND NONNY.—We are sorry that we are quite satisfied that kindness will affect more than any system of severity and harshness can accomplish in a school. Whatever. Of course, a considerate and judicious enforcement of discipline is not at all inconsistent with the most kindness and affection. Inebriation and corruption have punishment to gratify a morbid and vicious appetite, and to promote the ends of justice and the well-being of the civilized world. Children punish their children because the parent(s) happens to be out of humor at the time when an act is performed which, at another time, under circumstances, would be passed over without a word of reproof, and which, in fact, is not a punishable offense. We are sorry to say that we think it not to punishable for one wrong; but a punishable simply for the gratification of the momentary spite of the parent. Punishment is the infliction of pain for the purpose of the child knows and bitterly feels to be unjust; and thereby a feeling of hatred is created in the child's heart, which grows stronger and firmer on every repetition of the hundred cruelties to the child is perpetrated. In this way many a noble spirit is turned sorry during the interpretation of life, and which, if treated and loved with kindness would have developed into admirable manhood.

YOUNG HOPE.—Your letter is received, and we can see no reason why you should be compelled to frequent bad company. We think that the path of true happiness lies before you, and that you can be truthful and afford to frequent good society. We do not think that you can be truthful and afford to frequent bad society. We do not think that you can be truthful and obviously going into society, your faithfulness will wear off very fast. You can also receive a portion of visiting frequently at the houses of a few choice friends. In short, there are many ways in which you can gratify your taste for society, and character, to spend two evenings creditably and satisfactorily to yourself. You should be very particular about "being led away," and all that sort of nonsense.

TRUTH.—Your communication on the Common Sense in the Water Scale's "History," and others Bretton Hamilton's which is full of life and wit is humorous. The words are these:—

And now my pen of horror run,
Its fearful tale to tell,
No pale gentlemen sack his eyes,
Its feeling to the well;
With dew the bottle target red,
He raises to his gore bed,
Then the wife wears with cruelty light,
Then stabs at and is called it right.

P. AND W.—In choosing the polka, politeness dictates that the lady should be consulted before the gent has time for discovering the figure. We give no reasons why we answer questions as we do, and we never answer them at all. We do not consider our own convenience in regard to answering letters, but we endeavor to answer them as soon as we can. We have no rule in regard to the matter. We answer as the spirit dictates, and do so with the understanding that they have no claim upon us for an answer. We are always willing, however, to distribute our attention among our correspondents as fairly as circumstances and considerations of a limited space we can devote to the department will permit.

ANNIE.—We are very glad that you have such a young lady as a party, and is a short time afterwards was engaged to another "young lady." Now, young lady number one and number two are angry at him, and he is left all alone and without his colonnade. He, when feeling quite right in his mind, thinks that he will be very much pleased to have a young lady to call upon him, and he is very much pleased to have a young lady to call upon him, and he is very much pleased to have a young lady to call upon him, and he is